

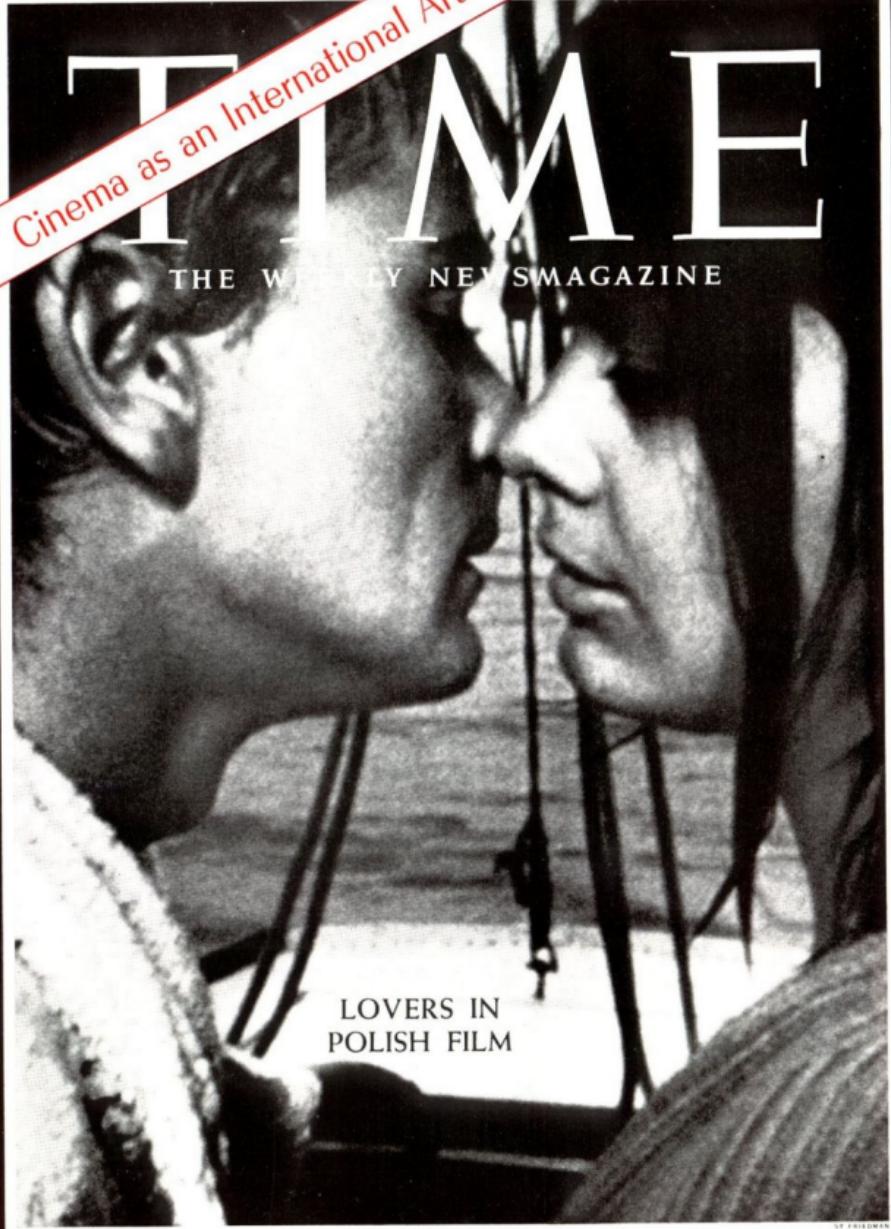
THIRTY CENTS

SEPTEMBER 20, 1963

Cinema as an International Art

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



LOVERS IN
POLISH FILM

VOL. 82 NO. 12

ISSUE 33, 1963 \$1.00

LE FREDERIC



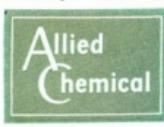
Unretouched photograph of Caprolan carpet in locker room of the N. Y. Yankees.

News from Allied Chemical: Even the Yankees can't "beat" carpet made of Caprolan nylon

Carpet in a locker room? Yes! Allied's tough Textured Caprolan® nylon "likes" spikes, defies dirt, cleans easily!

At Yankee Stadium, Caprolan carpet adds practical luxury to the clubhouse. It takes spikes and tramped-in dirt, and cleans beautifully to look like new. At home, the carpet that likes spikes loves children and pets, too—makes even pale pastels practical. Caprolan, a continuous filament

nylon, takes *any* carpet dyes and is readily adaptable to both home and commercial carpeting. Continuous filament nylon was pioneered and developed by Allied Chemical and is representative of the way Allied contributions can help virtually every industry. Whatever your line of business, we welcome your inquiry. Write: Allied Chemical Corporation, 61 Broadway, New York 6, New York.



DIVISIONS: BARRETT • GENERAL CHEMICAL • INTERNATIONAL • NATIONAL ANILINE • NITROGEN • PLASTICS • SEMET-SOLVAY
SOLVAY PROCESS • UNION TEXAS PETROLEUM • IN CANADA: ALLIED CHEMICAL CANADA, LTD., MONTREAL



The picture must be perfect or she can't push the button!

The new Canonet® 19 makes it easy to take crisp color slides or lively black and white snapshots. Its precise electric eye (see it wrapped around the lens?) sets the lens opening for you . . . automatically. Its unusually bright viewfinder shows the shutter speed is correct, that you're ready to shoot. It even tells you when to add flash! Just compose your picture and push the

button. (Remember? The button won't push unless the picture will be perfect!) The Canonet's extraordinary f/1.9 lens adds vivid sharpness to each shot. What an easy way to create gallery-quality pictures every time! The Canonet 19 is at your Bell & Howell/Canon dealer. Learn how this brainy little camera makes photography all fun! Canonet cameras start under \$100.

**Bell & Howell brings out
the expert in you (automatically!)**



"We can save you \$500 a year per rig!"*

"You'll save that much in fuel alone with our all-new General Dual Super G," says M. G. O'Neil, President, The General Tire & Rubber Company. "Add to that the terrific mileage bonus you get—and you're really money ahead. It's an amazing truck tire."

This new General Dual Super G is a different breed of truck tire.

Right off, it cuts fuel costs dramatically. 13% on gas rigs. 17% on Diesels.

How come?

New construction. New materials.

For one thing, it has two treads. General pioneered this design on its famous passenger tires and revolutionized that industry. Now we're doing the same for trucks.

Next, the Dual Super G is belted with twin plies of steel for greatest tread stability. At the heart of the tire, four radial plies of Super Nygen Cord (tough as steel

cable itself!) are anchored not by one—but two steel beads. This combination of superior strength and newest engineering techniques dramatically lengthens carcass life while reducing rolling resistance.

That's where the fuel savings come in.

Finally, it's made with new, super-tough Duragen rubber. This General exclusive boosts mileage, doubles—even triples—original tread wear.

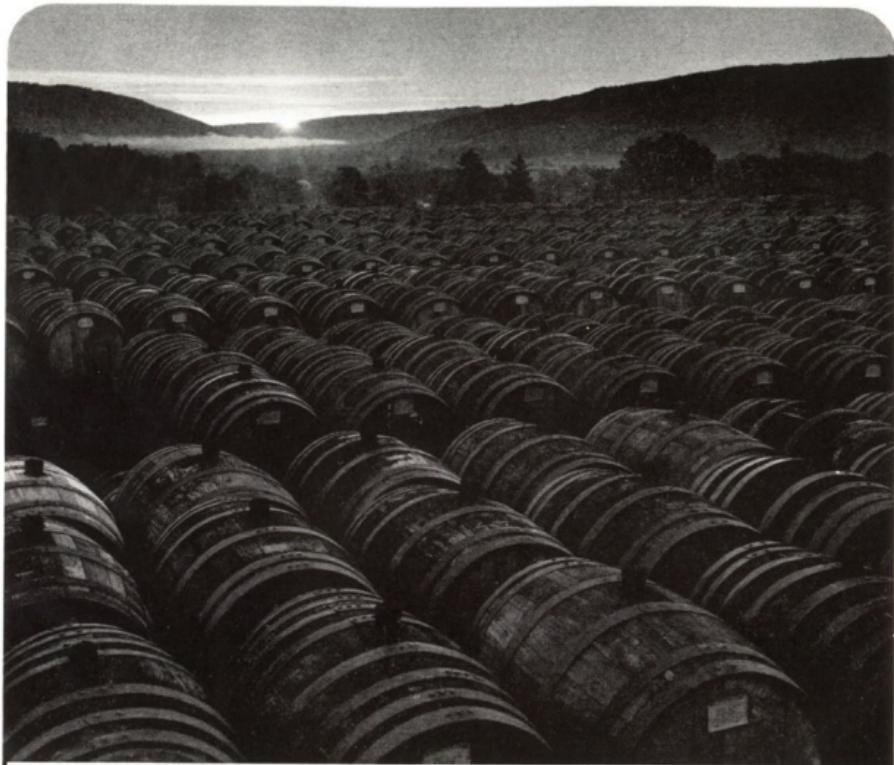
With all these advantages, you'd think the General Dual Super G would be priced higher. It is. But the least important difference is the difference in price.

Your General Tire Dealer has a fistful more of hard facts. He'll be calling on you soon.

THE ALL-NEW GENERAL DUAL SUPER G

with new miracle-mileage Duragen rubber





Our sherry winemaker commutes 93,000,000 miles

From up here on the winery roof, looking out over the barrels of sherry, you can see our winemaker burning off the morning mists down in the valley as he comes.

He's already dried last night's light dew off the white-oak barrels.

In another couple of hours you'll hardly be able to touch a hand to the steel barrel hoops, they'll be so hot. That's the way it is in summer.

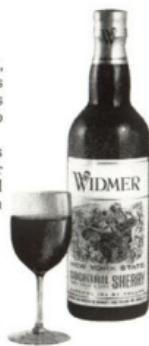
The sherry bakes in the oak, as our winemaker—the sun—bathes the roofs of the winery with heat. You can smell wine in the air as the sun draws the sherry and evaporates it right out through the barrel staves.

It goes on for years.

Of the 10,000 barrels on our roof, the sun draws off about a barrel's worth a day in evaporation. That's about 60 gallons a day. Amounts to \$100,000 worth in a year.

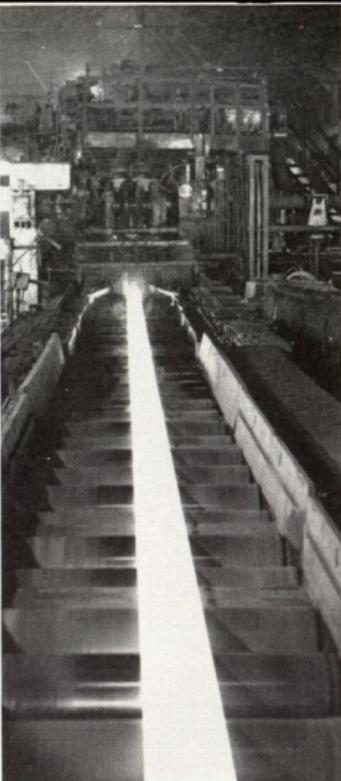
You should taste what this does for the sherry wine we sell. Widmer Cocktail Sherry. Widmer Special Selection Sherry. Widmer Cream Sherry.

WIDMER
VINTNERS OF FINE WINES SINCE 1880
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC., NAPLES, N. Y.





From molten metal . . .



to strip . . .



to you, quick

With service this fast, why big inventories?

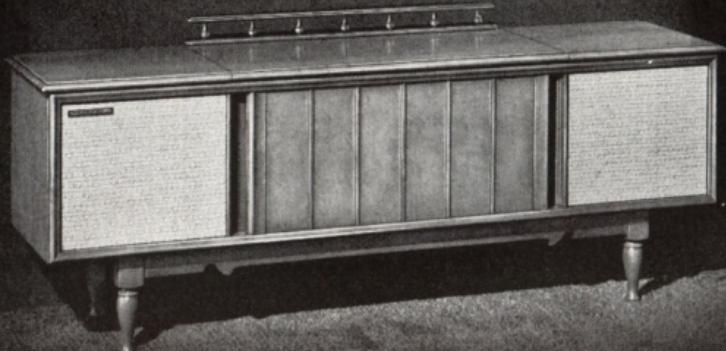
Acme Steel will produce and deliver flat rolled steel directly to your production line, as you need it. Made exactly to your specifications. Every time. □ Our whole mill is geared to give you fast service. We cool your steel to order in 20 minutes in our oxygen furnace. A complete heat—up to 75 tons—takes just 45 minutes. (Other methods take eight to eleven hours.) This ability to produce a variety of steels quickly, makes us the nation's most flexible producer of steel. Normally, we can fit your order into our schedule within a few days after receiving it. □ Let's get together and set up a schedule that will minimize your steel inventories. Just tell us your steel needs—what kinds, how much and how often. We'll deliver.

the nation's most flexible producer of steel

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Riverdale, Illinois • Newport, Kentucky E2

The beat is there
even at low volume



MOTOROLA

new leader in the lively art of electronics

**The secret? Motorola's
Wide Spectrum Stereo Sound
System, 10 speakers,
and Compressionaire Bass!**

To enjoy serious listening on most stereo hi-fi sets, many people boost the volume. If you don't, they feel the music is lifeless . . . that something is missing, mostly the bass.

Not so with Motorola Wide Spectrum Stereo Hi-Fi. You enjoy the beat of the bass even with the volume turned down low.

The difference is due to Motorola's three channels of sound output (not just 2) and *Compressionaire Bass*, which uses a dynamic low range bass speaker mounted behind a special acoustical panel.

This causes compression of the air in front of the speaker as the speaker cone moves back and forth when energized by low musical passages. Result: rich bass even at low-volume levels. The model shown, SKR153, has 10 matched and balanced speakers.

YOU BE THE JUDGE.
Take your favorite record to

your Motorola dealer's and hear the difference with Motorola Wide Spectrum Stereo Sound.

While you're there, see the 1964 Motorola Clock Radios with Visilite. They let you tell time in the dark!



MOTOROLA

Specifications subject to change without notice.



Photographed in Elgin, Scotland, by "21" Brands. Front row (l. to r.): Sandy Allan, Head Maltman; Willie Watson, Cooper; Willie Turner, Maltman; Bob Gammie, Masher; Jimmy Sim, Tun Room Man; Peter Geddes, Still Man; Robbie Stewart, Still Man; Jack Grant, Maltman. Rear (l. to r.): Willie Craig, Manager; Bob Milne, Head Brewer; Jack Sinclair, Asst. Brewer; George Geddes, Head Warehouse Man; Charlie Sinclair, Asst. Warehouse Man; James Anderson, Boiler Man.

14 Scotsmen and what they do to make Ballantine's Scotch

The 14 Scotsmen you see above make a rare Highland Whisky at a Ballantine's distillery at Elgin, Scotland, hard by the North Sea. This whisky is just one of the 42 high-grade Scotch Whiskies that are harmonized to make Ballantine's sunny-light flavor. These men possess distilling skills which have been handed down from their forefathers. Each performs his task with the same patience, pride and attention to detail that have marked the making of



Ballantine's for more than one hundred and thirty years. The final result is Scotch Whisky as Scotch Whisky should be: never brash or heavy—nor so limply light that it merely teases the taste buds. The final result is Scotch Whisky always good-natured and sociably gentle, flaunting its authentic flavor and quality to all those who enjoy its company. Just a few reasons why: *The more you know about Scotch the more you like Ballantine's.*



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THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE

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GATEWAY TO
ALL EUROPE

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ISRAEL

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SWITZERLAND

35 JET FLIGHTS WEEKLY

RIVIERA

48 JET FLIGHTS WEEKLY

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, September 18

As the new TV season gets under way, the networks are putting on display their new entries in the armchair dial-flicker's game of Russian roulette.

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.) "The Priest and the Politician," a report on the duel between Louisiana Political Boss Leander Henry Perez and a Catholic priest who tried to integrate his parochial school.

THE PATTY DUKE SHOW (ABC, 8:30 p.m.). A new series starring Patty Duke, who plays a dual role as an American teen-ager and her European-bred cousin. Première.

CHANNING (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Jason Evers plays a professor and Henry Jones the dean in this new college series. John Cassavetes is guest star. Première.

Thursday, September 19
TEMPLE HOUSETON (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Set in the early American Southwest, this new dramatic series stars Jeffrey Hunter as a traveling legal eagle with a peculiar name (the title of the show). Première.

SID CAESAR-EDIE ADAMS TOGETHER (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). A special to inaugurate two shows that will alternate.

AN EXPERIMENT IN EXCELLENCE (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). An NBC News special on the contrast between the single dedicated schoolteacher and such modern devices as team teaching, teaching with TV, and teaching machines.

Friday, September 20

77 SUNSET STRIP (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). The first part of a five-hour mystery (to run for the next five weeks) with a five-hour cast that includes Burgess Meredith, Richard Conte, Wally Cox, Peter Lorre, Herbert Marshall, Joseph Schildkraut, Walter Slezak, Ed and Keenan Wynn. **BURKE'S LAW** (ABC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Gene Barry stars in this new series about a Rolls-Royce-driving, millionaire detective. The opening segment is also rich in guest stars, including Suzy Parker, William Bendix, Bruce Cabot, Will Rogers Jr., ZaSu Pitts, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Fred Clark and Rod Cameron. Première.

HEDDA GABLER (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). Ibsen's play with Ingrid Bergman, Sir Michael Redgrave, Sir Ralph Richardson and Trevor Howard.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.). A new series based on the 1947 movie, this time with Inger Stevens as the farm girl, William Windom and Cathleen Nesbitt as the political family she works for. Première.

Saturday, September 21

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11:07 p.m.). *The Seven Year Itch*, with Tom Ewell and Marilyn Monroe—one of MM's best roles.

THE JERRY LEWIS SHOW (ABC, 9:30-11:30 p.m.). Guests include Mort Sahl, Harry James and Kay Stevens. Première.

Sunday, September 22

SUNRISE SEMESTER (CBS, 9:30-10 a.m.). New York's excellent adult education show goes network. Courses offered this

year by members of the N.Y.U. faculty will be Introduction to Ethics, Outlines of the History of Art, the Legacy of Greece and Rome. Daily programs will be broadcast on the network at 1:15 p.m. weekdays. Première.

THE ROOTS OF FREEDOM (CBS, 6-7 p.m.). "The Golden Age of Greece," second in a series of specials on the contributions that major civilizations have made to Western culture.

THE BILL DANA SHOW (NBC, 7-7:30 p.m.). A new situation comedy about a hotel bellhop based on the character José Jiménez. Première.

LINCOLN CENTER DAY (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). A special celebrating the first anniversary of the opening of Lincoln Center, with Ethel Merman, Robert Merrill, David Wayne participating. Richard Rodgers will narrate the musical section.

Monday, September 23

OPENING NIGHT (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). A special to inaugurate the opening of the season for five shows: *Lucy, Jack Benny, Andy Griffith, I've Got a Secret, and Danny Thomas*, in which the stars of all five shows will participate.

EAST SIDE/WEST SIDE (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). George C. Scott will star in this new drama series about a Manhattan social worker. Première.

Tuesday, September 24

MR. NOVAK (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A large metropolitan high school is the setting of this new series about a teacher played by Jim Francis. Première.

PETTICOAT JUNCTION (CBS, 9-9:30 p.m.). For those who loved *Cousin Pearl* on *Beverly Hillbillies*, here's more of the same (from the same producer) with Bea ("Pearl") Benaderet as a widder lady running a country hotel with her three beautiful daughters. Première.

RICHARD BOONE (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). A new series of original dramas featuring a "repertory company" headed by Boone. Première.

CINEMA

THE MUSIC ROOM. The story of an old baron who squanders his wealth on private musicals has been transformed by India's Satyajit Ray (*The Apu Trilogy*) into a subtle and poignant tragedy of pride.

THE SUITOR. This nutty French noughat stars Pierre Etaixa, who is also its director and screenwriter. Etaixa's grimly determined girl-chasing, his gazelle-like caperings, his soulful dead-pantomiming are hilarious, and the whole picture has about it a zany silent-movie look as if it had been made at the old Hal Roach studios under the direction of a madman.

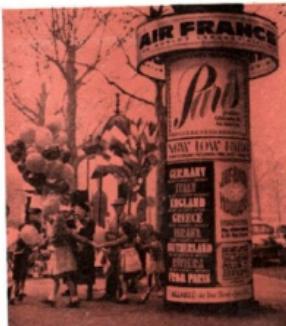
WIVES AND LOVERS. Van Johnson, Janet Leigh, Martha Hyer and Shelley Winters toss around this ball of connubial catnip in sassy style, having fun with the lines but worrying none too much about the deeper meanings of the plot.

THE LEOPARD. Burl Ives, Claudia Cardinale and Alain Delon star in this excellent Italian film about the fortunes of a fading princely household in 19th century Sicily. Luchino Visconti (*Rocco and His Brothers*) is the director.

LORD OF THE FLIES. With scarcely a nod to Novelist William Golding's chilling allegory of the essential evil in man's nature, the producers end up with nothing

* All times E.D.T.

TIME, SEPTEMBER 20, 1963



Paris in the fall— at bargain jet fares!

What's as wonderful as Paris in the spring? Paris in the fall! Suddenly, the "city of light" comes vibrantly alive. Theatres of every description. L'Opéra. La Comédie Française. Cultural and trade expositions. Most of all, there's excitement in the very air of Paris. You want to go everywhere, see everything. And when it's this autumn in Paris, you can! Air France announces bargain 21-Day Economy Excursion Fares to take you there in style, economically. Same friendly service. Same delectable cuisine. Same swift 707 Jets of Air France, world's largest airline. Air France flies to Paris from Chicago 5 times weekly (1 non-stop, 4 direct) and 25 times weekly from New York. Air France flies from Paris to all Europe. See your helpful Travel Agent for further information and reservations. Ask about the Air France Travelair Credit Plan with 10% down, 24 months to pay the balance. Or call Air France.

Round-trip 21-Day Economy Excursion Fares to Paris

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\$466.50/MA 1-4025

INDIANAPOLIS

\$474.70/ME 9-5511

MINNEAPOLIS/ST. PAUL

\$513.30/FE 2-2151

ST. LOUIS

\$499.80/CE 1-8800

Fares effective October 1, 1963, to April 30, 1964, and subject to change and via connecting carrier where applicable. Domestic tax to be added where applicable.

AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE



now you can guard
against bad breath germs
... even here

Use new Lavoris Oral Spray and spray away odor-causing germs . . . *one, two, three.* No weak "cover up," Lavoris Oral Spray has CPC®, an exceptionally effective antibacterial. Used as directed it kills millions of germs on contact. Soothes throat. Freshens breath discreetly. Travels neatly in pocket or purse.

Sprays germs away.
Freshens breath
instantly.

***Cetylpyridinium chloride**



but a scary adventure story about a band of castaway boys on a desert island.

THE GREAT ESCAPE. Here is James Garner again, this time without Doris Day. But Steve McQueen and an excellent all-male cast join him in this exciting and absorbingly detailed story about a wholesale breakout from a Nazi P.W. camp.

BOOKS
Best Reading

THE GIRLS OF SLENDER MEANS, by Muriel Spark. This brief comic novel concerns seven young ladies who live at the May of Teck Club in London right after the war. Though penniless and threadbare, they plot to acquire love and money (in that order) with the determination and cunning of the girls in *The Best of Everything*.

THE GROUP, by Mary McCarthy. Vassar's cleverest alumna tells all about eight girls who might have graduated with her into the confused Depression world of New York in the '30s. Though it is brilliantly fictionalized sociology of a sad period, Vassar may think of it as a class portrait by Charles Addams.

THE UNMENTIONABLE NECHAEV
by Michael Pawlowitsch Chodat
Chodat, the student terrorist whom the Czar imprisoned and whom the Soviets would like to forget. This youthful fanatic became the model for the dreadful nihilist Verkhotensky in Dostoevsky's classic study of the ethics and psychology of revolutionaries, *The Possessed*, and he devised the bleak, dehumanized code of conspiracy that became the model for Lenin's Bolshevik party.

VISIONS OF GERARD, by Jack Kerouac. With this story of a big, noisy family of French Canadians in the mill town of Lowell, Mass., Beat Author Kerouac joins J. D. Salinger in the small company of current writers who suggest that a child can be not only innocent but a prism of grace.

THE LEARNING TREE, by Gordon Parks. Like Author Parks, the young hero of this first novel grew up in the Negro end of a small Kansas town. His unabashed nostalgia for what was good there, blended with some sharp recollections of violence and stark fear, makes a readable, sometimes unsettling book.

Best Sellers
FICTION

1. THE SHOES OF THE FISHERMAN, West (1, last week)
2. CARAVANS, Michener (4)
3. ELIZABETH APPLTON, O'Hara (2)
4. THE GLASS-BLOWERS, Du Maurier (6)
5. ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE, Fleming
6. THE COLLECTOR, Fowles (3)
7. THE GROUP, McCarthy (9)
8. CITY OF NIGHT, Rechy (5)
9. THE CONCUBINE, Lofts (7)
10. SEVEN DAYS IN MAY, Knebel and Bailey (10)

NONFICTION

1. **THE FIRE NEXT TIME**, Baldwin (1)
2. **I OWE RUSSIA \$1,200**, Hope (4)
3. **THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT**, Hopper (2)
4. **THE AMERICAN WAY OF DEATH**, Mitford (5)
5. **TRAVELS WITH CHARLEY**, Steinbeck (9)
6. **THE DAY THEY SHOOK THE PLUM TREE**, Lewis (5)
7. **MY DARLING CLEMENTINE**, Fishman (3)
8. **TERRIBLE SWIFT SWORD**, Catton (6)
9. **THE WINE IS BITTER**, Eisenhower (7)
10. **PACIFIC WAR DIARY**, Fahyev



wel-come (wĕl'kūm), n.—cordial greeting; warm reception; hospitality; heartiness; as, for example, at Albert Pick.

WE MIGHT ADD: Our locations are convenient, parking at practically all places is free, there is never a room charge for children under 12. Also: Albert Pick food and service are excellent.

For immediate
reservations in
any city, call the
nearest of these

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Chattanooga, Tenn.	Albert Pick Motel
Chicago, Ill.	Pick-Carter
Cleveland, O.	Pick-Fountain Square
Colorado Springs, Colo.	Pick-Carter
Columbus, O.	Albert Pick Motel
Detroit, Mich.	Pick-Fort Hayes
East Lansing, Mich.	National Inn
Evanston, Ill.	Pick-Fort Shelby
Hartford, Conn.	Pick-Motor Hotel
Harrisburg, Pa.	Pick-Georgia
Huntsville, Ala.	Nationwide Inn
Louisville, Ky.	Albert Pick Motel
Mobile, Fla.	Albert Pick Motel
Minneapolis, Minn.	Pick-Nicelite
Mobile, Ala.	Albert Pick Motel
Montgomery, Ala.	Albert Pick Motel
Montgomery, Ind.	Albert Pick Motel
Naicor, Miss.	Albert Pick Motel
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Operated in the tradition of over a century of hospitality by the Albert Pick family



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That's how many times we inspect a Volkswagen.

These are some of the ok's our little car has to get in our factory.

(It's easy to tell the ok's from the no's. One no is all you ever see.)

We pay 5,857 men just to look for things to say no to.

And no is no.

A visitor from Brazil once asked us what

we were going to do about a roof that came through with a dent in it.

Dents are easy to hammer out.

So what we did shook him a little.

We smashed the body down to a metal lump and threw it out in the scrap pile.

We stop VWs for little things that you may never notice yourself.

The fit of the lining in the roof.

The finish in a doorjamb.

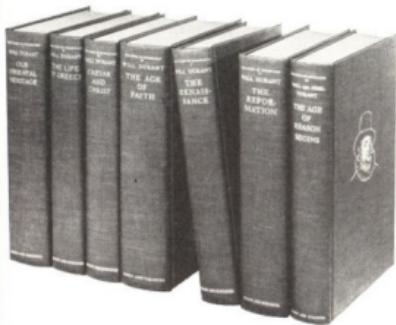
In the final inspection alone, our VW has to get through 342 points without one. blockball.

One out of 50 doesn't make it.

But you should see the ones that get away.

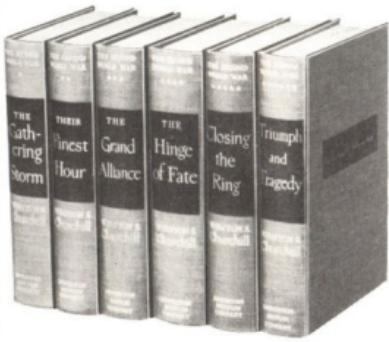


A DRAMATIC DEMONSTRATION OF THE REMARKABLE NEW
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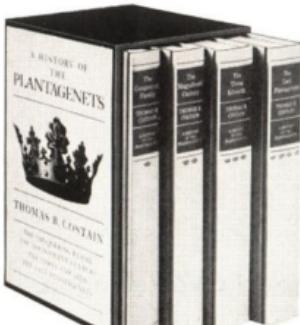
577. THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION
by WILL DURANT

Publisher's retail prices total **\$76**



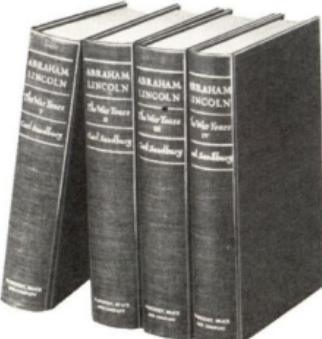
404. THE SECOND WORLD WAR
by WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

Publisher's retail prices,
if bought separately, total **\$39**



568. A HISTORY OF THE PLANTAGENETS
by THOMAS B. COSTAIN

Publisher's retail price **\$21.50**



281. ABRAHAM LINCOLN: The War Years

by CARL SANDBURG

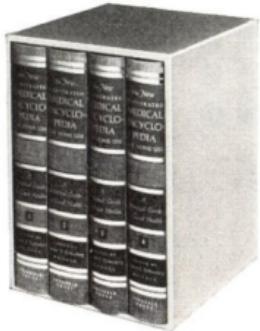
Illustrated

Publisher's retail price **\$36**

LIBRARY-BUILDING SYSTEM OF THE **BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB**

VALUABLE LIBRARY SETS

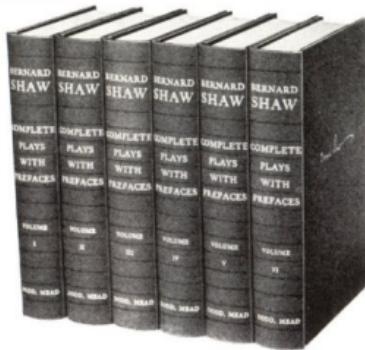
IN A SHORT TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION... YOU SIMPLY AGREE TO BUY FOUR CLUB SELECTIONS OR ALTERNATES WITHIN A YEAR... CHOOSING THEM FROM AMONG AT LEAST 200 THAT WILL BE AVAILABLE



469. THE NEW ILLUSTRATED MEDICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA FOR HOME USE

Edited by ROBERT E. ROTHENBERG, M.D.

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560. BERNARD SHAW
Complete Plays with Prefaces

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AN UNPRECEDENTED HOME LIBRARY-BUILDING PLAN

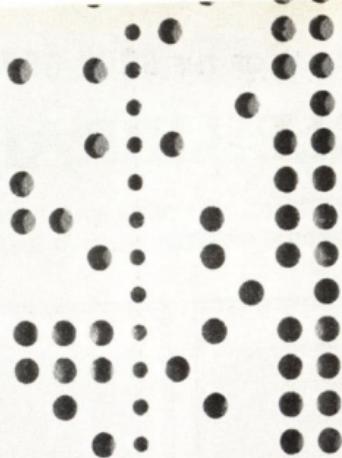
THE OBVIOUS purpose of this suggested trial is to have you discover, by *actual experience*, the extraordinary opportunity you will have as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club to build a well-rounded home library at little cost—through the Club's unique Book-Dividend system. You will be in a position to acquire—as long as you choose to remain a member—other valuable sets besides those shown here, as well as expensive single volumes, all for trifling sums.

*** YOU BEGIN AT ONCE AND THE SYSTEM IS SIMPLE** • With each one of the four books you engage to buy during the trial, and later if you continue, you will receive a Book-Dividend Certificate, which can then be redeemed for your choice of a fine library volume, simply by adding the nominal sum called for in each case. At present more than 100 different works are available for this purpose, and most of the volumes require only one certificate plus \$1.00.

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LETTERS

Red China Reviewed

Sir: With so many conflicting reports on Red China, it was a real pleasure to read your clear, concise cover story in the Sept. 13 issue. Even after many years of topnotch accounts of world events, I am still amazed at your thoroughness in reporting.

ROBERT D. METZGER
Cincinnati

Sir: Having lived in China for eleven years, including more than a year under Communist rule, my wife and I want to express our appreciation of your splendid article on "Red China: The Arrogant Outcast." We have also been grateful for other articles on China preceding issues.

Although our written Chinese is a bit rusty, we were able to decipher the lower of the two banners carried on the over-crowded ship on the cover. We could not read the final character in Mathews' dictionary, but it may be one of the shorter forms the Communists have introduced. Thus the slogan reads "Defeat (or destroy) capitalism (or capitalists)."

In the upper banner the first two characters read "Down with." But the next four characters seem syntactically unrelated, though we know the meaning of each of them. In Romanized form they read, "Heh-lu-hsiao-fu." We feel that this must be the transliterated surname of some non-Chinese. Is it Khrushchev?

(THE REV.) HENRY OWEN
Los Angeles

► Yes.—ED.

Sir: Your cover picture is reminiscent of the judgment of Lord George Macartney, the first British ambassador to reach the court of a Chinese emperor (1793-94):

"The Empire of China is an old, crazy, first-rate man-of-war, which a fortunate succession of able and vigilant officers has contrived to keep afloat for these 150 years past, and to overthrow their neighbors merely by her bulk and appearance; but whenever an insufficient man happens to have the command upon deck, adieu to the discipline and safety of the ship. She may perhaps not sink outright; she may drift some time as a wreck, and will then be dashed to pieces on the shore; but she can never be rebuilt on the old bottom."

P. T. LEWISSAN
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir: In your article on Red China, you explained the strength of both the Chinese air force and the Chinese army. I would

like to know the size and strength of the Red Chinese navy.

DAVID KESSLER
Hartford, Conn.

► *Red China's navy is considered more an extension of border forces than a true seagoing arm. It includes 25 to 30 submarines, mostly of Russian origin, that have been inoperable since the withdrawal of Soviet technicians, three or four old destroyers and destroyer escorts, an effective fleet of several hundred PT boats, and a number of old World War II landing craft.*—ED.

Cronkite Writes

Sir: Your statement [Sept. 13] that the White House suggested the question on South Viet Nam for my interview with the President is probably based on an erroneous A.P. story. Everyone at the White House, recognizing CBS's news integrity, observed the strictest propriety and made no suggestions. This reporter would have been indignant if they had.

WALTER CRONKITE
New York City

► *CBS-TV Reporter Cronkite need not feel indignant, nor consider his integrity impugned. CBS had requested the interview, and White House sources confirm that beforehand a check was made to be certain that Viet Nam would be included as a top subject of discussion.*—ED.

Planned Land

Sir: Congratulations on your superb article on the regional planner, William Leonard Pereira [Sept. 6].

However, I would suggest that the crucial challenge of this continent, and our entire rapidly urbanizing globe, is not the regional plans on unencumbered, "clean slate" areas. It is rather coordinating the fast-multiplying crises of regions now crowded, littered and confused with people and their myriad enterprises.

A. H. LE MASURIER
Ontario Department of Economics and Development
Toronto

Sir: The thought that someone may design a city for people and not for automobiles is almost overwhelming.

JOAN NOLAND
St. Louis

Sir: So women can stroll at Irvine just like their grandmothers did; my grandmother strolled to the shops because it was

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easier than harnessing and unharnessing a nag. Like a number of Southern Californians, I will walk if I must, but no Pereirapetic architect is gonna make me like it.

ASHLEY O. JONES

Corona del Mar, Calif.

Sir: In a country where physical planning is just at its weaning stage, it's heartening to note that a planner can command political figures off the cover of a discriminating magazine.

Pereira is, of course, an extraordinary subject. He is brilliant—his hillside housing idea could be the answer to the need for more space and fewer automobiles in modern communities.

The world needs more Pereiras.

MELVYN ESTEPA VIRAY

National Planning Commission
Manila

Sir: Kudos to TIME for emphasizing the need for more Bill Pereiras to help accommodate the burgeoning urban populations of our nation and the rest of the world. Not only do we need regional planners for the new cities, but we need more who are properly trained in the varied skills required to make our old cities more livable, more efficient.

JAMES E. LASH

Executive Vice President
ACTION, Inc.
New York City

Sir: Lucky us, to be living in Architect Victor Gruen's El Dorado Hills. It is fortunate for California that architects like Pereira and Gruen have been allowed to do some dreaming before the planning.

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This isn't the city of the future—it is the city of the "right now," and we are really living it up.

(MRS.) JOYCE FOREHAND

El Dorado Hills, Calif.

Romney & Scranton

Sir: Thank you for providing information on Governor Scranton's impressive record [Sept. 13]. Considering the fact that he had to be drafted to run for Governor, one is refreshed by the sight of a politician who is not a talker but a doer!

MRS. Z. LISAC

Cincinnati

Sir: A majority of Michigan voters want George Romney to stick to his job here at home until at least 1968. He would not be our Governor if we had not needed him.

(MRS.) VIRGINIA MEESKE

Spring Lake, Mich.

White House Art

Sir: Upon reading your account of what Jacqueline Kennedy has done for the White House [Sept. 6], and what some former Presidents did to it, I think she deserves the vote of every citizen—a vote of thanks at least.

(MRS.) LETA B. BEARD

Santa Monica, Calif.

Sir: You say that "Scottish Painter John Syme's oil of John James Audubon was purchased [for the White House] because



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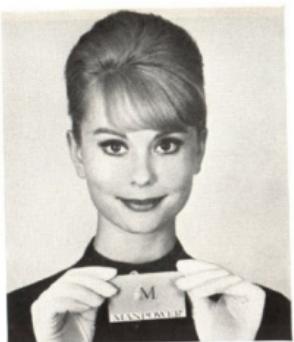
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J. D'ARCY NORTHWOOD
Curator

Audubon Shrine and Wildlife Sanctuary
Audubon, Pa.



SYME'S "AUDUBON"

► Audubon's portrait (see cut) passed quietly from one private collection in Edinburgh to another for 133 years. By the time the canvas was auctioned off at Sotheby's in 1959, the artist was listed as unknown but believed to be one of Audubon's sons. New York's Knoedler Galleries acquired the painting and did the research leading to the rediscovery of Syme as the painter.—Ed.

Something to Think About

Sir: Thank you for your well-written report on the "Negro Revolution to Date," and thanks for the description of the plans for the March on Washington [Aug. 30], with the map showing the paths to be taken.

We heard here the Radio Peking broadcasts that reported on the March. Peking said that as the people marched, they were shouting "Down with Imperialism!" and "Down with Kennedy!"

These deliberate lies, which were probably broadcast all over Asia, would be laughable if the possible consequences weren't so deadly serious. I hope your report on the size and condition of the U.S. atomic arsenal [Aug. 23] gives these people something to think about.

R. D. ZIEGLER

U.S. A.I.D. Forestry Adviser
Chittagong, East Pakistan

Sir: As a reader of TIME for almost 18 years, I would like to congratulate you on your coverage of the civil rights issue. The Negro March on Washington could only have been possible in a free country like the U.S. This is a proud moment for those of us who hold precious the Western way of life.

ANTHONY GEMAYEL
Chief Editor

Mid-East Commerce
Beirut

Sir: I had hoped that after TIME had winnowed the thousands of words so skillfully written by your nationwide staff for the cover story of Aug. 30 that my comments on civil rights and Negro-white relations would be accurately reported.

I have said to various TIME reporters on numerous occasions that the Ameri-

can Negro has obligations as well as rights, that he must demonstrate responsibility, and that he must display his wares in the marketplace for impartial judgment, along with all other citizens.

At no time, however, did I comment for TIME or any other publication on Boston's Columbia Point Housing Project and its alleged unsanitary conditions.

I have never visited this particular project, so it is inconceivable that I could have stated that there was "writing all over the walls, and children defecate right in the halls . . ."

EDWARD W. BROOKE
Attorney General
Commonwealth of Massachusetts
Boston

► TIME stands by its quote from Attorney General Brooke, regrets that it was somewhat misleading in the context in which it was used: Brooke was talking not only about Negroes, but about underprivileged people in general.—Ed.

Much Man

Sir: The article on Latin American manliness [Sept. 6] was a masterpiece of opinionated journalism if I have ever seen one.

Just what moral authority do you have to speak of emphasis on *machismo* in Latin America—here in this land of the "real man cigarettes" and the home of the "man shirts"? Did you ever see a U.S. Marines recruiting poster? Where in Latin America would you see newstands like the ones in the U.S. packed with magazines "for men only"?

By the way, Simón Bolívar's way with women came after his fight with the Spaniards and as a result of his leadership, not as a cause. Short, feeble (he had tuberculosis), hardly the be-man you seem to imply he was, Bolívar was a leader because he was an excellent tactician and statesman, a fact that you neglected to mention.

FERNANDO GARCIA

Austin, Texas

Troubles in Sodom

Sir: Re Historian Williamson's "plain logic" rejection of the rabbinical interpretation of the evils of Sodom [Sept. 6]: the rabbinical interpretation of *Genesis 19*, "Bring them out to us that we may know them," as carnal knowledge is clearly borne out in Lot's reply, "Behold now, I have two daughters who have not known man, pray let me bring them out unto you, and do to them as is good in your eyes, only unto these men do nothing."

Of course, rabbinical commentators agree that there were other sins as well.

RABBI HYMAN DOLGIN

Los Angeles

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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September 20, 1963

Vol. 82 No. 12

THE NATION

THE CONGRESS

Some Thoughts on Destiny

The debate on the nuclear test ban treaty got under way with exactly eight members of the U.S. Senate on hand. Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, reasoning that more Senators should be present for the occasion, moved a quorum call. Still, few showed up, so Mansfield rescinded the call.

It was not as if the treaty were a cut-

BERNARD SAFAIR



DIRKSEN

It is for history . . .

and-dried issue. For two months it had stirred controversy across the U.S., and even as the Senate began its debate the Armed Services' Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee was distributing a 25-page report, supported by six of its seven members, claiming that ratification would result in "serious, and perhaps formidable, military and technical disadvantages" to the U.S.

Who's the Harshest? But for all such doubts and disagreements, there was an air of somnolence about the debate. In the first couple of days, the biggest attraction was Actress Marlene Dietrich, who turned up for a while in the gallery. Rhode Island Democrat John Pastore, chairman of the Joint Atomic Energy Committee, wasted a fiery speech on a near-empty chamber. Pastore passionately flung open his blue blazer, clapped his hand over his chest and declared: "I say to those who have doubts about the treaty that I want them to

open their hearts and look into their consciences. I want them to realize what they might be doing. If by their vote they destroy and kill the treaty, I say God help us, God help us!"

Even when Barry Goldwater, one of the treaty's principal opponents, rose to speak, there were just three Senators present—all Democrats ready to pounce on him. Barry soon gave them a chance. Reiterating his stand that the U.S. ought to demand the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Cuba as its price for the treaty, he admitted that even if the Russians complied he would still vote against it. How come, asked one Democrat, when he had said only the week before that such a rider would make the treaty "perfectly acceptable even to its harshest critics"? Well, Barry allowed weakly, he probably was not the treaty's "harshest" critic.

The Old Orator. Only when word got around that Republican Leader Everett McKinley Dirksen was scheduled to speak did the Senate begin to fill. It was known that Dirksen, after harboring "grave doubts," had come around to approval. It was also known that in order to dispel some of the doubts about the treaty, Dirksen and Majority Leader Mansfield had asked President Kennedy to write a letter that Ev would read to the Senate. In his letter, the President offered Senate doubters "unqualified and unequivocal assurances" that the U.S. would maintain its readiness to resume testing, that it would "take all necessary action" if Russia used Cuba to circumvent the test ban in any way, and that the treaty would not bar the U.S. from using nuclear weapons for defense; as if to punctuate his letter, the Atomic Energy Commission set off two more nuclear blasts at its underground test site in Nevada.

Dirksen, the old orator who can still draw a crowd to the Senate, arrived looking uncharacteristically well-pressed in a blue worsted suit. He had with him an eight-page prepared statement, but he quickly set it aside—"I do not read a manuscript very well," he explained—proceeding to deliver the sort of speech for which he has become famous.

"This could be, conceivably, a time of destiny for the country and for the world," said Dirksen. He readily acknowledged his initial doubts. "I rendered some offhand opinions at the time, some of which did not stand up."

he said. "I saw them recited in an editorial the other day. One must expect that sort of thing in public life. But I do not let it bother me."

Searing Memory. Nor was the Senator from Illinois troubled by the fact that his constituents have besieged him with letters opposing the treaty. "I have admonished them over and over again," said Dirksen, "that, regardless of the entreaties and presentations that have been made to me, I feel that I must fol-

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON



BURKE

... to render judgment.

low a type of formula laid down by Edmund Burke, the great parliamentarian and Prime Minister of Britain, when he said it was his business to consult with his people, but it would be a betrayal of his conscience and a disservice to them if he failed to exercise his independent judgment."

After also citing Chinese philosophy, Shakespeare and Abraham Lincoln, Dirksen said that what bothered him terribly was the searing memory of Hiroshima. Then, said he, "for the first time, the whole bosom of God's earth was ruptured by a man-made contrivance that we call a nuclear weapon." Continued Dirksen:

"Oh, the tragedy. Oh, the dismay. Oh, the blood. Oh, the anguish. When the statisticians came to put the cold figures on paper, they were as follows: as a result of one bomb—66,000 killed, 69,000 injured, 62,000 structures destroyed. That was the result of one



KENNEDY, HOPE & WIFE
Symbolic of the mood.

bomb, made by man in the hope of stopping that war. Little did he realize what this thermonuclear weapon would do, and the anguish that would be brought into the hearts of men, women and children."

Unwanted Epitaph. The U.S.'s young President, said Dirksen, who is 67, "calls this treaty a first step. I want to take a first step, Mr. President. I am not a young man. One of my age thinks about his destiny little. I should not like to have written on my tombstone, 'He knew what happened at Hiroshima, but he did not take a first step.'"

Concluded Dirksen: "This is a first, a single step. It is for destiny to write the answer. It is for history to render judgment. But with consummate faith and some determination, this may be the step that can spell a grander destiny for our country and for the world."

When it was all over, Mike Mansfield rose, faced his colleague across the aisle, and said, "I salute a great American." The debate may go on until some time next week, but after Ev Dirksen, it would surely be all anticlimax. For his support of the treaty, and his speech on its behalf, had assured its ratification.

THE PRESIDENCY

Above the Battle—For Now

"I want to say," said the man with the famed ski-nose and nasal voice, "that I played in the South Pacific while the President was out there. The President was a very gay and carefree young man at the time. Of course, all he had to worry about then was the enemy."

The scene was the White House flower garden, crowded with a giggle of presidential secretaries, a gaggle of Congressmen, Bob Hope as the guest of honor, and John Kennedy as his admiring straight man. What was Hope doing there? He had come, along with his wife, to receive from President Kennedy a congressional gold medal for having entertained U.S. troops all over

the world since 1941. Hope was happy—although there was "one sobering thought. I received this for going outside the country. I think they are trying to tell me something."

In presenting the medal to Hope, the President noted wryly that the comic's congressional commendation was "the only bill we've gotten by lately." That good-humored but less-than-half-joking remark was somehow symbolic of the President's mood of the week—in which he displayed a relaxed, above-the-battle attitude toward all manner of serious issues.

Very Simple. At his press conference the next day, Kennedy was asked some questions that in the not-so-old days would have brought out the tiger. But now he was bland, and clearly determined not to be mad at anybody.

He refused to get into the international name-calling contest about South Viet Nam (see *THE WORLD*). Said he mildly when asked about U.S. policy toward Viet Nam: "We've got a very simple policy in that area, I think . . . We want the war to be won, the Communists to be contained, and the Americans to go home."

Was he mad because the Air Force Association, a private group of Air Force officers, veterans and aircraft businessmen, had adopted a convention resolution criticizing the atomic test ban treaty as a danger to the U.S.? Kennedy did not agree with the organization's opinion, but "I think the Air Force Association is free to give its views." What about the decision of Georgia Democrat Richard Russell, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, to oppose ratification of the treaty? Said Kennedy: "Well, I think he's highly respected, probably the most individually respected, perhaps, in the Senate. Therefore, what he says is going to have some influence."

In the past, published criticism of him has often thrown the President into fits of temper. Now he was asked

about two recently published books—one by *TIME*'s White House correspondent, Hugh Sidey, the other by Victor Lasky (see Opinion). Some reviewers had called the Sidey book too uncritical of Kennedy, the Lasky book too critical. What did the President think? Again, he refused to rise to the bait. He had, he said, thought Sidey's book "critical." As for Lasky's hatchet job, he had only read the first part, but he had seen it praised by the New York Herald Tribune's columnist, Roscoe Drummond, and by New York Times Pundit Arthur Krock. And so, said the President, he was "looking forward to reading it, because the part I read was not as brilliant as I gather the rest of it, from what they say about it."

The Right Tempo. So it went—smiling, good-natured answers to provocative questions.

In fact, even before the press conference, some perceptive Washington witnesses had already noticed and remarked on what seems to be President Kennedy's new air of remoteness. Although his long-ailing back still bothers him, he appears in otherwise perfect good health. He works as hard as he ever did at his job.

But somehow missing from the White House is that sense of electric excitement; and somehow gone from the President's words, both public and private, is that man-the-barricades urgency. Congress is muddling through its most tedious, least productive session in decades; but Kennedy does not criticize. The gold flow continues as a potentially disastrous drain on the nation's economy; Kennedy has suggested some panaceas, but they are hardly ultimate solutions. The Negro revolution caught him (as well as most everyone else) by surprise. His Administration's reactions have been denounced by some as too hasty, by others as too slow. But at the press conference, Kennedy said with



JACK & JACKIE AT NEWPORT COUNTRY CLUB
Enjoyment of an anniversary.

only the mildest emphasis: "I think we're going at it at about the right tempo."

No one, of course, can accurately estimate the significance of Kennedy's current mood—or how long it will last. But for so long as it does, everyone might as well enjoy it—as Kennedy so clearly did while weekending at the Newport, R.I., home of his mother-in-law. There Jack and Jackie Kennedy celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary with a party, a sail on Narragansett Bay and a swing around the Newport Country Club golf course.

TAXES

The Shape of the Cut

After seven months' gestation period, the House Ways and Means Committee last week gave birth to an \$11.1 billion tax cut. A bulky, 310-page bill with the formal designation of H.R. 8363, the measure should reach the House floor by the middle of next week. Under its provisions, individual income taxes will drop by \$8.8 billion and corporation taxes by \$2.3 billion, with two-thirds of the reduction to take effect next year, and the rest in 1965.

The vote to send the measure to the House floor was 17 to 8, with two Republicans joining Ways and Means' 15 Democrats in approving it. But there was more of a struggle than the vote would indicate. With federal expenses running close to \$100 billion a year and the national debt above \$300 billion, many businessmen and politicians argued that cutting taxes without a parallel reduction in spending was the height of fiscal irresponsibility. Among the critics was Dwight Eisenhower, who said last week that he supported a tax cut "only if the persistent and frightening increase in federal expenditures is halted in its tracks."

A Game of Chance. Leading spokesman on the Ways and Means Committee for that view was ranking Republican John Byrnes of Wisconsin, a tax expert, who argues that "the 'Puritan ethic' is a lot stronger in this country than some people think." Applying the Puritan ethic to the tax bill, Byrnes offered an amendment that would have prevented the second stage of the tax cut from taking effect on schedule in 1965 unless Kennedy met two conditions beforehand: limiting his fiscal 1965 budget to \$98 billion—\$800 million under the present budget; and keeping the net national debt below \$303 billion by next June 30 (the Treasury Department estimates that the debt will hit \$304.2 billion by then).

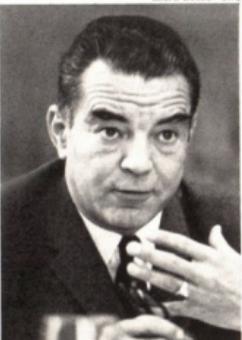
To Kennedy, the imposition of such restrictions came "very close to resting the national economic welfare on a game of chance." Addressing the "Business Committee for Tax Reduction in 1963," a group formed at the Administration's urging and including such big names as Henry Ford II, David Rockefeller and Frederic Donner, Kennedy said Byrnes's rider would inhibit rather

than stimulate investment, thus nullifying the purpose of the tax cut. "This nation," he said, "has had a recession on the average of every 42 months since the second World War—or every 44 months since the first World War. By January, it will have been 44 months since the last recession began. Prompt enactment of this bill will make the most of the anti-recession thrust that this tax cut can provide."

Despite the President's argument, Ways and Means came within a hair of approving Byrnes's amendment. It was voted down, 12 to 11, with two conservative Democrats abstaining—less, apparently, out of personal conviction than out of party loyalty.

A Break for Boxers. As it finally emerged from committee, the bill was a considerably shrunken version of the President's original tax program. He

RALPH MORSE—LIFE



REPUBLICAN BYRNES
Standing up for the Puritan ethic.

had proposed cuts amounting to \$13.6 billion and structural reforms that would have increased tax revenues by \$3.4 billion. Ways and Means approved reforms in the tax structure that will net only \$600 million in new revenues.

As the bill now stands, individual rates will drop from a range of 20-91% to a range of 14-70%, while corporate taxes will go down from 52% to 48%. Under a new formula allowing everyone to claim a standard deduction of \$300 plus \$100 for each dependent (in place of the present maximum standard deduction of 10% of taxable income up to \$1,000), some 1,500,000 low-income Americans will be dropped from the federal tax rolls. A number of other, smaller groups also get breaks. Authors, prizefighters, and others who have one fat income year after several lean ones will be allowed to average out their earnings over a five-year period so as to achieve a far lower tax rate. Art lovers who buy paintings, hang them in their homes, but claim a deduction by promising to donate them to museums, will be allowed to continue doing so.

Coupled with the reductions are a spate of revenue-increasing provisions.

Taxpayers, under the Ways and Means version of the bill, will no longer be allowed to deduct state and local gas, cigarette and liquor taxes. Although stockholders will be allowed to exclude the first \$100 of dividend income from taxable income instead of the first \$50—a break for small stockholders—the rule allowing them to subtract 4% of the remaining income was repealed. Tax exemptions will not be permitted for the first 30 days of sick pay or the first \$100 of casualty losses. The executive with stock options—under which he is entitled to buy his company's shares at a specified price, often considerably below the market price—will now be required to pay heavy short-term profits taxes on the sale of such stock unless he hangs onto it for at least three years; if he is offered the stock at below-market prices, he will also have to pay a penalty tax on any profits.

Fits on the Floor. When the bill reaches the House floor, it will be treated under a "closed rule" barring floor amendments and limiting debate to two days. Even so, says Byrnes, "we will give them fits on the floor." Once voting begins, Byrnes can move to recommit the bill to Ways and Means to reconsider his "Puritan ethic" amendment. But the Administration is counting on mustering enough votes to defeat such a motion and send the bill on to the Senate.

There, the bill faces rough going. It will first be entrusted to Conservative Democrat Harry Byrd, chairman of the 17-member Finance Committee and a renowned foe of high Government spending. Byrd could easily stretch out hearings for two months, and further delays are possible if the Senate becomes embroiled in a civil rights filibuster. Finally, changes must be worked out in a House-Senate conference. Kennedy wants the first stage of the bill to go into effect by Jan. 1, 1964, assuring that the full impact of the tax cut would be felt in an election year. But the chances of final action by that date are growing increasingly remote.

THE ADMINISTRATION

The Postmaster Who Licked Stamps

Wisconsin Tax Commissioner John A. Gronouski, 43, didn't know a ZIP code from a postal zone. Habitually, he forgot to mail his wife's letters, carried them in his pockets for weeks. His most prolonged contact with the mail service was in 1960, when he "licked a lot of stamps" for John Kennedy in the Wisconsin primary. But last week the President appointed Gronouski his new Postmaster General to replace J. Edward Day.

The appointment was criticized as being blatantly political. Editorialized the Milwaukee Sentinel: "Our pride must be tempered by the fact that the appointment is obviously political . . . He was an early Kennedy supporter and his name is Polish, a coincidence which is likely to make some Kennedy votes



GRONOUSKI & FAMILY

Maybe now he'll remember to mail them.

next year among the heavy Polish-American populations of Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Pennsylvania and New York." Asked about all this at his press conference, President Kennedy said blandly: "I think we just happen to be fortunate that his grandparents came from Poland."

Polish or not, Gronouski performed ably as Wisconsin's tax commissioner for the past four years, helped revamp the state's whole revenue system. A Ph.D. in economics from the University of Wisconsin, he is an affable, pipe-smoking ex-college professor whose air of ruffled relaxation is deceiving. He is a driving administrator, has worked twelve to 16 hours a day himself, and expects his staff to do the same. He is a militant Democrat who drew constant fire from Wisconsin papers for his partisanship while tax commissioner—a non-elective office. But even state Republicans have grudging respect for him. Said one last week: "He's a surprisingly good administrator. And you just can't stay mad at the guy."

OPINION

In the Trash Pile

At the White House a lone copy of a newly published 653-page book is already badly dog-eared by New Frontiersmen. And all over Washington, those who try to keep up with the talk on the cocktail circuit are eagerly spending \$7.95 for Victor Lasky's *J.F.K.: The Man & the Myth*.

Lasky, co-author with Ralph de Tolledo of a 1950 book on the Alger Hiss case, *Seeds of Treason*, is presently employed as an analyst of world and domestic affairs for the North American Newspaper Alliance. During the 1960 Kennedy-Nixon campaign, Lasky was assigned to write a review of Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s pro-Kennedy book, *Kennedy or Nixon: Does It Make Any*

Difference? He became so angry at Schlesinger's partisan arguments that he expanded his review into a 300-page anti-Kennedy paperback. Still incensed, Lasky has now enlarged and updated that book.

From Pegler to Khrushchev. The new volume, which devotes only 83 pages to Kennedy's performance as President, is simply a massive compilation of every criticism that anyone has ever written about any of the Kennedys, tied loosely together by Lasky's own biased and bitter generalizations. It presents, with equal weight, criticism from the Chicago Tribune and the New Republic, from Westbrook Pegler and Eleanor Roosevelt, from the New York Times and *Variety*, from Walter Lippmann and Nikita Khrushchev.

In attacking the Kennedy "myth," Lasky writes that J.F.K.'s "military experience included having the PT boat of which he was the skipper rammed and sunk by a much slower Japanese destroyer." A Pulitzer Prize author? "Kennedy had considerable help." Even Kennedy's use of naval power to pressure Khrushchev to withdraw his missiles from Cuba was, to Lasky, merely a ploy for domestic political advantage, since "among other things, Kennedy was able to accomplish the political destruction of his former rival, Richard M. Nixon, in California."

In this buffeting from all sides, Kennedy is pictured as both "Red-baiting" and "soft on Communism." He is criticized for not caring enough about his legislative proposals to fight for them, but when he does, he is accused of a "bold executive attempt to frighten Senators." He is at the same time a "radically liberal" politician whose "personal beliefs seem to indicate a deep-dyed conservatism."

Hairdos & Dog Hairs. Asks Lasky: "Was there ever any political leader who devoted so much time worrying about his hairdo?" He quotes *Newsweek*: "Kennedy carries a white manicurist's pencil to make his fingernails whiter." And Westbrook Pegler: "Kennedy looks at people through half-shut eyes. If a guy can't look me square in the eye, I don't trust him." (Almost 200 pages later, Lyndon Johnson is quoted: "I can tell a man by looking in his eyes. I looked in John Kennedy's eyes and I liked what I saw.") Lasky even quotes one book about Kennedy to explain why J.F.K. could never have made a Nixon-type "Checkers" speech: "After midnight once, on a freezing night, Kennedy drove for hours searching for a motel, finally found a tourist home in the town of Athol, got himself ready for bed, when he spotted some dog hairs, got dressed again, piled back into his car, and drove on. He's allergic to dogs."

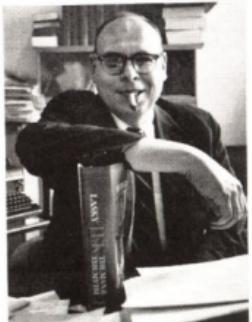
But Lasky's dislike for the President appears almost as adoration compared to how he feels about the President's

⁶ This may come as a shock to Pushinka, Charlie, Clipper, Shannon, Blackie and White T ips.

father. He depicts Joseph P. Kennedy as anti-Semitic and pro-Nazi, as a fearful, cringing figure during the London blitz, and as perhaps the most ruthless, malign businessman in U.S. history. To Lasky it was Joe's dough alone that made Jack President and Bobby the nation's second most powerful man. And the father did it all to avenge an ethnic insult. "Having suffered all the slights and indignities Brahmin Boston could contrive for its despised minorities [the new Irish], Joseph P. Kennedy had set out to beat his persecutors at their own game." Lasky even makes it sound sinister when President Kennedy "dropped the nation's business" to fly to his father's bedside after he suffered his stroke in December 1961.

Shifting Ground. Some of Lasky's buckshot pellets do, of course, hit home. He is especially effective in documenting some of the inconsistencies of Kennedy's political career. "How long can we continue deficit financing on such a large scale with a national debt of over \$285 billion?" Kennedy asked the House as a Congressman in 1950 before casting his vote to cut federal spending across the board by \$600 million. Yet, under Kennedy, the federal debt has risen to \$300 billion, and he has presented a 1964 budget deliberately in deficit by at least \$10 billion. "There is just not enough money in the world to relieve the poverty of all the millions of this world who may be threatened by Communism," Kennedy said about foreign

HENRY KROPSKY



AUTHOR LASKY

Probably a blow to Pushinka & Co.

economic aid as a Congressman. "Our resources are not limitless. Mere grants of money are debilitating and wasteful." Last month, when the House cut his foreign aid requests by \$1 billion, Kennedy denounced the action as "shortsighted, irresponsible and dangerous partisan."

Since the book is fat and heavy, an unsuspecting purchaser might think that it contains a rational evaluation of Kennedy as a politician and political leader. No such thing. Lasky documents some of the President's weaknesses—but he buries them in a trash pile.

REPUBLICANS

The Kickoff—No Kidding

Barry Goldwater stood before 150 Republican precinct leaders in Cleveland last week and invited them to ask questions. One began, "Since we have a suspicion you are running for President . . ." Whereupon Goldwater grinned and broke in: "You can suspect all you darned please, but as of now I'm not a candidate." The politicians broke out in disbelieving laughter, and Barry insisted, "I'm not kiddin' you."

Barry was not, of course, kidding anyone. He has been wearing his cleated shoes in practice sessions for months. Last week, starting a speaking tour, he really kicked off on his run for the Republican Party's 1964 presidential nomination.

Pleas for Unity. It began in Cleveland at a \$5-a-plate chicken luncheon. Three thousand people jammed the main ballroom and balconies of the Sheraton-Cleveland Hotel, overflowed into an extra room, where they watched Goldwater on closed-circuit television. He kept them cheering with his charge that the "far left" is more dangerous to the U.S. than the "far right." He slammed the Kennedy Administration hard for giving more than "50 important policymaking jobs" to members of Americans for Democratic Action. Snapped Goldwater: "I worry a lot more about extremists who are inside the house breaking up the furniture than I do about those who stand outside and throw rocks at windows."

Throughout, Goldwater preached Republican Party unity in effective response to New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller's recent efforts to read the "radical right" out of the G.O.P. Said Goldwater in Cleveland: "Let's not attempt to castigate members of our party because you think their views are too far to the left or too far to the right."

Two days later, Candidate Goldwater arrived at Chicago's Conrad Hilton Hotel, found himself all but smothered in a crowd of enthusiastic women—all wearing badges proclaiming them escorts and all aiming to help him get through the lobby to a luncheon of the National Federation of Republican Women. Once inside, silver-haired Barry wowed the women with a few words about the Kennedy Administration: "If we have made any progress during the past three years, it has been progress in the wrong direction. It is progress along the dangerous path of accommodation of our enemies." And again he cried out for Republicans of all stripes to unite against the Kennedy Administration. Said he: "It'd be pretty hard to find a Republican who wouldn't be better for the country than a New Frontierman."

More Like Football Fans. Later the women were polled as to their favorite Republican candidate for 1964; of 293 questioned, 262 picked Goldwater.



GOLDWATER & G.O.P. WOMEN IN CHICAGO
Ahead, 262 out of 293.

More important, the Senator had drawn the cream of the Illinois Republican Party for his speech, including all three G.O.P. candidates for Governor. Four days earlier, when Nelson Rockefeller had visited the state, G.O.P. leaders had found excuses for not showing up. And though both Rocky and his wife were courteously greeted by good-sized crowds, they could hardly have been unimpressed by the Goldwater placards and sweat shirts that popped up everywhere during their Illinois visit.

At week's end Goldwater thundered into Bartlesville, Okla., where he was met by a shouting, festive crowd that acted more like football fans than conservative Republicans. Speaking before 5,000 exuberant Bartlesville backers, Barry for the first time muted his party-unity plea, sounded off against liberal Republicans who advocate

"the warmed-over, watered-down arguments of the Democrats." He said: "The Republicans can and must offer this nation a choice when any of our candidates go before the electorate . . . We don't want to be known as Little Sir Echo. We want real Republican voices and choices to be heard."

Who's Unbeatable?

Pennsylvania's Governor William W. Scranton thought things were looking up for any Repubican who runs against President Kennedy in 1964. In Chicago last week, he was asked if he "still" thought Kennedy would be unbeatable. The Governor retorted: "I never said he was unbeatable. Last March I said that if the election were held then, he probably would win. A lot has happened since then. The Republican prospects are improving all the time."

Having revised that estimate, Scranton—long adamant in denying that he has any personal ambition toward the G.O.P. nomination next year—said he would not reject it if it came his way. "I don't think anybody would refuse the nomination if offered," he snapped, adding, "I don't expect it, and I am not doing anything to get it."

If Not Now, When? If Not Us, Who?

Michigan's Governor George Romney last week faced without flinching his state's tax mess. At the same time, he laid his political future on the line.

Romney appeared before a special session of the legislature to present a tax reform program that included a flat 2% personal income tax, a 3 1/2% corporate profits tax, and a 5 1/2% income tax on financial institutions. It was a tough plan and by no means popular. But upon its success or failure may rest Romney's chances for the G.O.P.'s 1964 presidential nomination.

Bluntly charging the often recalci-



"HAPPY" ROCKEFELLER IN ROCKFORD, ILL.
Behind, signs of Barry.

trant legislature to act. Romney said: "We should ask ourselves two questions: If not now, when? If not us, who?" Applause began to build among the legislators, and Romney's voice choked as he finished his speech: "As far as I'm concerned, I have answered those two questions, and I am indifferent to the personal political consequences involved." The lawmakers stood and cheered—making the outlook for both Michigan and George Romney a little brighter for the moment. Said Romney, returning to the microphone: "I know this has been dry, but I am heartened by your reaction."

DEMOCRATS

Frolic on the Far Left

Amid all the din about the radical right, it sometimes seems as though there no longer is such a thing as a far left in U.S. politics.

But there is—a fact demonstrated by 250 delegates of the California Federation of Young Democrats, who met in convention at San Diego. They came up with a set of resolutions urging that the U.S. should: 1) recognize East Germany and "the existing status quo" of a divided Germany; 2) reopen normal diplomatic and trade relations with Castro's Communist Cuba; 3) open diplomatic relations with Red China; and 4) denounce the Diem government in South Viet Nam as a "reactionary dictatorship," gradually pull out all U.S. troops and cut off all U.S. financial help.

Even California's regular Democratic leaders, a pretty liberal lot themselves, were highly embarrassed. Said State Chairman Eugene Wymann: "The Young Democrats, a small organization numbering under 5,000 individuals, do not speak for the Democratic Party . . . This weekend they were off on an independent frolic in San Diego, speaking only for themselves."



NEGRO STUDENTS ENTER BIRMINGHAM'S WEST END HIGH
No bayonets to defend against.

CIVIL RIGHTS

More Anticlimax Than Crisis

Little Rock, Oxford, Tuscaloosa.

Each of these Southern communities required the presence of federal troops to achieve a measure of educational integration. In each, the federal-state confrontation amounted to a constitutional crisis, seemed to pose grave questions about the basic workings of the Republic, fanned emotions to white heat.

Last week Alabama's Governor George Wallace did his level best to incite another such crisis. He failed. Indeed, what it added up to was a segregationist Southern politician's being outmaneuvered—rather easily.

The Switch. Determined to goad President Kennedy into using federal troops to enforce integration, Wallace sent state troopers to try to close down schools in Birmingham, Mobile, Huntsville and Tuskegee. The Administration refrained from rising to Wallace's bait, but based its refusal to send in troops on a fairly legalistic argument: as long as the schools remained closed altogether, there was, technically, no discrimination against Negroes.

But then Wallace pulled a switch. Early in the week, the Governor's troopers began to admit white students and turn away the Negro children at school entrances in Birmingham, Mobile and Tuskegee. Wallace deliberately avoided interfering with integration in Huntsville, where sentiment was overwhelmingly against him, perhaps because a sizable portion of the population includes scientists and technicians, who are employed in Government-sponsored space-age projects.

Out of the Bushes. In Washington, Attorney General Bobby Kennedy huddled with aides and decided to move. All five federal judges in Alabama were asked to concur in a temporary restraining order to be issued against Wallace

and his state police. The five, all Southerners, agreed. Swiftly, federal marshals fanned out in Alabama to serve the restraining order on the troopers and the Governor himself. Closeted in the statehouse in Montgomery, Wallace ordered his National Guardsmen to rout out the marshals, who were deployed on the capitol grounds waiting for him to come out. Then followed a comic-opera scene, with helmeted and bayonet-carrying guardsmen flushing sheepish marshals out of the bushes and sending them on their way.

At last came the break that the Justice Department was waiting for. Word got out late one night that Wallace would withdraw his state police and replace them with contingents of the National Guard. Early the next morning, President Kennedy signed a proclamation that federalized the guard. On his orders, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara simply retired the guardsmen to their armories. Wallace, shorn of his troops, gave up with a whimper. "I can't fight bayonets with my bare hands," he cried, ignoring the fact that there had not been a federal bayonet to be seen anywhere.

Getting Smart. With only local law-enforcement officers on the scene, four Negro students integrated white schools in Huntsville, two in Mobile, 13 in Tuskegee and five in Birmingham. There were, of course, some disruptive incidents. In Birmingham, dozens of white students left the schools to protest. A white man tossed a rock through the window of a car carrying two Negro girls. There were shouts of "Nigger!" and torrents of curses. There was a lot of Confederate flag waving, and a few arrests. A majority of white students boycotted two of the schools. But perhaps a more meaningful sign of the times was a white high-school boy, who, determined to disregard the taunts and catcalls of his friends, stalked angrily into his Birmingham school explaining, "I came here stupid three years ago and I ain't going away stupid."

ARMED FORCES

For Bachelors Only

A young Californian named Scott Thompson was facing Army induction in just two weeks; yet he seemed peculiarly elated when he phoned a U.C.L.A. coed. "Hey," he shouted, "did you see the papers? Do you want to get married?" The girl did not, no matter what the papers said. So Thompson—unless he could find someone else in a hurry—was doomed to enter the Army. But some 340,000 other men of draft age—whose girls had once said yes—were suddenly free to stay home. A presidential order last week exempted all married men from induction, giving them a stable civilian status for the first time since 1948.

The reason for the action was a simple problem of high supply and low demand. For several years, the draftable pool of men aged 19 to 25 had been

too large for the military's needs. Some 1,700,000 young men were classified 1-A. On the average, no more than 100,000 of them were actually drafted each year. Yet the pool, fed by new 19-year-olds in ever-increasing numbers, will brim to overflowing in the next few years as the babies of the big population years become 1-A men. Even now, the average draftee's age is a relatively elderly 23. Hundreds of thousands of young men have found themselves forced to stall off permanent career decisions, sometimes drifting aimlessly into the ranks of the unemployed because they didn't know when the Army would call.

Lieut. General Lewis B. Hershey, granddaddy of the nation's selective service system (he helped lay the groundwork in 1936, became director in 1941), was aware of—and worried about—the problem. Early this year he put staff members to work, and they recommended that married men would be an easily identifiable group to excuse from service without seriously hurting U.S. military manpower needs.

The President, who had recently wondered why married men had to go into the Army, put a White House staffer on the project to help out. From Hershey's recommendations came last week's Executive Order No. 11119—making the draft solely for bachelors. Hopefully, it would lower the average age of inductees, give them a better idea of when they would be called.

Despite eager young swains like Scott Thompson, there was no obvious rush to get married. This surprised no one at Selective Service. One official pointed out that married men have always been "traditionally" called after unmarried men anyway, and that many draftees-to-be had long ago compared the Army to matrimony and decided, "Better a two-year stretch than a lifetime sentence."

AVIATION

The Angel from the Skunk Works

On a sunny December afternoon in 1954, a small group of Air Force officers and agents of the Central Intelligence Agency drove up to the Lockheed Aircraft Corp. offices in Burbank, Calif., to confer with Company President Robert Gross and Engineer Clarence ("Kelly") Johnson.

The Government people wanted to discuss a secret airplane project, so secret that not even General Curtis LeMay, then boss of the Strategic Air Command, knew about it. That night, Kelly Johnson, head of the "Skunk Works"—Lockheed's supersecret project-development division—began clearing out a hangar. "I got 23 fellows," says Johnson, "and we went to work. We didn't even give it a project name; that's a better kind of security. Later, the fellows began calling it 'the Angel.'"

"The Angel" turned out to be an ugly, long-winged bird that precipitated a cold war crisis. Its official designation was "U-2." And last week, for the first time, Kelly Johnson, 53, revealed the



LOCKHEED'S JOHNSON, U-2 (LEFT) & F-104

"We kill, Yank!" "Okay, try it!"

dramatic details of the U-2's birth and some of its incredible achievements.

The Risk. The U-2 was born of necessity. In early 1952, U.S. intelligence officers recognized that the continuing revolution in weapon design, coupled with the Soviets' fanatic penchant for secrecy, had put the U.S. at a dangerous disadvantage. The U.S. was starved for intelligence information. The most obvious solution was high-altitude air surveillance. President Truman and Secretary of State Dean Acheson both agreed that such air reconnaissance was desirable—but they were unwilling to pursue such a project for fear of the results if a spy plane were shot down.

President Eisenhower, however, was willing to take the risk. In 1953 the CIA ordered designs for special camera equipment and sensing devices. By the time Kelly Johnson and the Skunk Works were brought into the project, the U.S. had almost everything it needed—except the airplane itself. Development of that plane was left up to Johnson. Recalls he: "Nobody ever tried to tell us what to do. We knew the problem. I knew the kind of wings I wanted."

Eighty days after he began, Johnson had built his first U-2; it was an efficient machine that could cruise at 90,000 ft. In August 1955, a test pilot flew the ship successfully—in a rainstorm.

One Died. Still the plane was not perfect. At least one pilot was killed during flight tests. "We had eliminated extra weight, however we could," says Johnson. "We'd have sold our grandmothers for ten pounds, and the whole family for 25 pounds, but finally the ship was ready." Lockheed asked Air Force Hero Jimmy Doolittle, who was then a vice president at the Shell Oil Co., to have his company's experts concoct a fuel that would not evaporate at high altitude. Shell did. The results speak for themselves. Says Johnson: "We have an airplane getting four miles to the gallon and traveling ten times the speed of a truck. That's pretty good."

On its first flights overseas, the U-2

performed impressively. From the spring of 1956 until May 1960, when U-2 Pilot Gary Powers was shot down, the U-2 flew at will over the Soviet Union, brought back miles of film showing target areas, defenses, terrain, mountains, lakes, forests. In all that time, Soviet MIG pilots swarmed helplessly below. On at least one occasion, a Soviet pilot, straining to climb to within U-2 range, radioed, "We kill, Yank!" And the U-2 pilot replied: "Okay, try it!" The pilot was safe in his dare.

But then came Gary Powers' last flight. "Powers didn't really know what hit him," says Johnson. "I knew, though, and I told him what had happened, based mostly on my analysis from the Carl Mydans photographs of the wreckage that LIFE sent us. The Soviets got to Powers with a near-burst from a SAM [surface-to-air missile]. He had control of the plane for a while, but the engine was hit. Gary coasted on down to where the MIGs had a few cracks at him; then the wing came off and he bailed out. He did everything that he was supposed to do. Those guys have ways of making anybody talk; they're clever, but Gary talked only about the things he was supposed to, nothing more. He's a good man; he's working for me now, on U-2s."

Brave Men. The U-2 presumably no longer flies over the Soviet Union. But the Nationalist Chinese fly it over Red China, and the U.S. sends missions over Cuba. "That run," says Johnson, "is the toughest in the business. It's a small area and loaded with the very latest Soviet SAM systems. In the Soviet Union we could come in from various angles over open country. Cuba is full of Castro and the Russians' SAMs. It's tough, and it takes men like Kelly Johnson."

It also takes men like Kelly Johnson. Last week the Air Force Association presented the boss of the Skunk Works with a trophy for designing and developing the U-2—and "thus providing the free world with one of its most valuable instruments in the defense of freedom."

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

Report on the War

Overshadowed by the political and diplomatic turmoil in Saigon, the all but forgotten war against the Viet Cong continues on its ugly, bloody and wearisome course. The drive against the Communists has not diminished in recent weeks; in fact, it has intensified. Fears that the Buddhist controversy might damage morale among Vietnamese troops have so far been groundless. If last week's battles were any criterion, the government soldiers are fighting better than ever against a Communist foe that is exacting a hideous price in blood in the flooded paddies of the South.

The biggest government victory in months came last week near the town of Gocong, 45 miles south of Saigon. In the dead of night, 500 Viet Cong regulars swooped down on a strategic hamlet under a screen of supporting fire from heavy machine guns and recoilless rifles. Desperately calling for help over their radio, the defenders fought back doggedly, but were barely holding out when a government infantry relief column arrived at dawn with 15 armored personnel carriers. Ambushed by the Reds, the government reinforcements did not panic, nosed their personnel carriers off the road and into the paddies, heading directly for the dug-in Reds.

From a graveyard at the fringe of the battlefield, a Viet Cong heavy machine gun knocked out an APC. But supported by government air force planes, which swept over the Red positions in screaming, shallow dives firing rockets and dropping napalm, the reinforcements rolled straight onto the

Reds, mashing scores of the Communist troops into the stinking paddy mud with their huge steel treads. At last the Reds broke and ran, leaving behind 83 dead.

Mutilated Bodies. The episode made no sizable dent in the Viet Cong army. But it was heartening to U.S. military observers, who on many past occasions had watched the government's troops refuse to press their attack. This time the relief column had stood its ground under the Viet Cong pounding and then moved in on the Reds in brutal combat.

Two days later, the Reds evened the score. This time they hit the rice-rich Camau Peninsula, traditionally Communist-controlled territory where government enclaves are only islands in a sea of Viet Cong. The plan was a clever two-pronged attack against the two government-held cities of Cai Nuoc and Damdoi, which lie 15 miles apart on the southernmost tip of Viet Nam. To confuse government reinforcements and to hamper their speedy arrival, the Viet Cong first feinted at three neighboring outposts, sowed mines on a major road over which government troops had to travel, and poured harassing mortar fire on a U.S. helicopter airstrip in the area.

Shortly after midnight, the Reds hit Cai Nuoc directly. Pouring mortar shells and recoilless rifle fire in the perimeter system of defensive bunkers, the Viet Cong breached the front gate of the city's major outpost, ran from bunker to bunker lobbing in grenades and shooting the defenders in the back. The fight lasted for only 35 minutes, but the Reds occupied the town for the next 17 hours. It was a bloodbath. When reinforcements finally appeared, they found a heap of 50 mutilated bodies, including women and children, which the Reds

had set afire. Of the 100-man defending force, only 25 survived.

Experts Differ. Soon thereafter, the Reds overran the neighboring town of Damdoi. But this time the Communists made the mistake of staying too long. Seven hours after the Viet Cong occupied the town, government marines, airlifted to the scene in U.S. helicopters, counterattacked. Half the marine force blocked the Reds' escape route and attacked their sandbagged positions. Armed helicopters unloaded some 80 rockets into the Communist defenses, and fighter planes zoomed in at treetop level with guns blazing. When the Reds finally disappeared into the paddies after an all-day fight, they left behind 60 dead. The government's marines were also badly battered; 48 were killed by the time the shooting stopped.

On the basis of bodies, this might be called a government victory. Not so insist some American military men who argue that such defensive responses—whatever the penalty in lives to the Communist enemy—are wasting the strength of the Vietnamese forces as well as the \$1,500,000 a day the U.S. is pumping into the country. These experts will not be happy until the government can organize regular "search and hold" operations in the southern rice country, Communism's stronghold.

It is an incredibly difficult task. Though the Viet Cong are losing more men (currently about 500 a week) all the time, there are more to be killed: officials in Saigon now estimate that hard-core Communist strength has gone up from 23,000 to 31,000 over the past few months. But government strikes are at least more and more frequent. In the first week of September, 55 separate offensive ground actions of battalion



DEAD AT GOCONG
A hideous price in blood.



WENTON D. PERCY



MME. NHU & TED KENNEDY

strength or larger were under way, close to an alltime record. Conversely, Red attacks also increased from 300 to 400 in the same period. As this week's operations illustrate, however, many government troops have learned to stand and fight.

The military front seemed a million miles from Saigon last week. Four weeks after the crackdown on South Viet Nam's Buddhist opposition, an atmosphere of watchful waiting hung over the city. Still fearful of a coup, the government stationed secret police outside the homes of suspect officials; top military officers were ordered to sleep at military headquarters so that a check could be kept on their whereabouts. With the Buddhist opposition lulled for the moment, Saigon's student population feebly tried to raise protests against the government. Pelted with chairs and desks thrown from classroom windows, government troops closed many of Saigon's schools, threw nearly 1,000 students into jail to cool off. It seemed likely that Viet Cong agents inspired much of the demonstrating.

This made it all the more important for the U.S. and President Ngo Dinh Diem to settle their differences. The latest episodes offered little assurance of that. Coupling his words in the most careful diplomatic terms, U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge last week suggested to Diem that his brother and fiery sister-in-law, Ngo Dinh Nhu and Mme. Nhu, leave the country until the current crisis was over and a fresh *rapprochement* between the government and the population established. Lodge hinted delicately that the continued presence of the bitterly controversial Nhuis in South Viet Nam not only hampered the war effort against the Communist Viet Cong, but could also "endanger" U.S. congressional appropriations to Diem's government. Diem expressed surprise and shock at Lodge's suggestion, coldly turned it down; he might have wondered how John F. Kennedy would feel if Viet Nam had asked for the exile of Bobby and Ethel.

What next in U.S. policy? It was a time of frantic pondering and frantic discussion in Washington. Some of the suggestions were ludicrous: cut off all aid to Diem (which would effectively hand the country to the Communists);



MME. NHU & INTERVIEWER
Talking to anyone and everyone.

run the Seventh Fleet up to the coast and force Diem out of power (also senseless, since no suitable successor was visible). No one seemed to be discussing perhaps the most sensible solution of all: stop all the halfway hints of encouragement to promoters of a *coup d'état*, and get on with the difficult and unpalatable task of working with Ngo Dinh Diem and his family.

Faced with a profusion of proposals for action, President Kennedy was keeping his mind open. At his press conference, he refused all efforts to draw him into a discussion of personalities and said simply: "What helps the war we support; what interferes with the war effort we oppose. We are not there to see a war lost. That is our policy."

As if to quiet U.S. nervousness, Diem at week's end announced that martial law, which has been in effect for almost a month, will end this week, foreshadowing a possible return to normality in South Viet Nam.

Dragon Lady, Dragonfly

In a blaze of flashbulbs, Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu left Saigon last week on a trip to Beirut, Belgrade, and points west. Elaborately coiffed and gowned, she met reporters and defended her views, attacked her enemies, dodged overly curved questions, and displayed an incredibly fascinating feminine charm. Whether twirling a parasol or hiding shyly behind an ivory fan, she both attracted and annoyed. "I had a strong desire to slap her," said one French television interviewer, "but from very, very close."

After the Lynching. Mme. Nhu's performance began at the Saigon airport. She said that when her mother cabled her from the U.S. urging her to flee South Viet Nam with her children because their lives were in danger, she had answered: "Dear Mother, I am sorry you have become intoxicated." To a question about her itinerary, she said: "Everyone calls me the Dragon Lady. For the next few weeks, I will be like the dragonfly of the Vietnamese song,

When it's happy, it stays; when it's unhappy, it flies away."

Tentatively, Mme. Nhu said, she planned to visit the U.S., though it would be like getting inside "a lion's cage." "I shall just talk extemporaneously," she said. "I am invited by the most important press groups. After lynching me, more or less, now they wish to hear me." She denied that she was going to be South Viet Nam's observer at the United Nations General Assembly. "I have nothing to do with the U.N.," she said. "I am not even going there to visit, because I have already seen it."

Official Cacophony. At the Interparliamentary Union Conference in Belgrade, where she represented South Viet Nam, Mme. Nhu stole the show with her graceful pink *aodai*. There was fire in her eyes and in her words. The Diem government would never yield to "perfidious blackmailing attacks," she exclaimed. What about the concern for South Viet Nam's Buddhists voiced by the Vatican? Pope Paul VI is too "easily worried," retorted Mme. Nhu. Her acid remark supplemented earlier comments on the same subject on French television: "As a Catholic, I am only required to believe in the dogmas of my religion and the Pope. The Pope is only infallible when he decrees something ex cathedra. I do not believe that he will put himself in his chair to disavow me, because that would be a very bad blow to Catholicism."

Reports that she would not stay at the conference until its conclusion left officials near consternation. "If Mme. Nhu leaves one day early," said one,

* It may have been this tart remark that partly prompted U.N. Secretary-General U Thant to make some wholly gratuitous observations at a Manhattan press conference. Conditions in Saigon were "chaotic," declared U Thant, adding that "constitutional processes" are "a feature which is completely absent in Viet Nam." They are, of course, completely absent in his own country, Burma, which is ruled by General Ne Win, a firm as a dictator as exists in Southeast Asia but never criticized by U Thant.

"then the conference will have lost its importance." But she showed every sign of enjoying herself. Letting fly at the White House after reports that John F. Kennedy might be a bit unhappy with South Viet Nam's whole ruling family, Mme. Nhu suggested that the President was "misinformed about the situation in South Viet Nam." "He's a politician, and when he hears loud opposition, he tries to appease it."

Two days later she had lunch with another delegate at the conference. It was none other than the President's brother, Senator Edward M. Kennedy. Like others on the U.S. delegation, Teddy Kennedy had halfway hoped to avoid the confrontation. But they had a chat. A long chat. "She discussed at length her side of the picture," said Teddy later. "She wanted to talk to me. She wants to talk to anyone and everyone." In fact, declared an awed witness to the one-sided conversation, "she did not stop talking from one minute to the other." Unable to get a word in edgeways, Teddy took notes.

SOUTH VIET NAM: BIRTH AT GENEVA

AT 10:42 a.m., Peking time, Wednesday, July 21, 1954, the war in Indo-China came to an end. The result had been a foregone conclusion since the ignominious French defeat by the Communist Viet Minh at Dienbienphu two months earlier. Even before that, diplomats from nine nations, halfway round the world in Geneva, had been working feverishly to hammer out the final peace settlement. Fearful that high-level participation in Geneva might put the U.S. in the position of approving a sellout to the Reds, President Eisenhower and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles were hesitant about endorsing the conference. But when French Premier Pierre Mendès-France said that he needed U.S. support to avoid unnecessary concessions, Washington sent Under Secretary of State Walter Bedell Smith to Geneva to stiffen him up.

In Geneva, diplomats argued over how Indo-China should be partitioned. When discussions appeared to be getting nowhere, Mendès-France imposed a deadline after which he threatened to resign—a move that would have brought the conference to a grinding halt and continued a war that could not be won. Prodded by this ultimatum, the conference finally agreed on terms that would partition Viet Nam at the 17th parallel. The agreement gave the Viet Minh the industrial North, leaving the government of Ngo Dinh Diem with the rice-rich South. New military bases were prohibited, and civilians were permitted to leave one

RUSSIA

"Passengers Will Please Refrain"

Moscow-bound Train No. 7 had just pulled into Naushki, the Soviet railroad checkpoint on the Mongolian frontier. Suddenly, swarms of Red Chinese students dashed out of the coaches and into the station, tied themselves with belts to block the entrances. Then, in the words of astounded Stationmaster Prokop Mikhailov, they "emptied their bowls and bladders on the floor, in spittoons, and on benches. And the men's room was only a few steps away."

Cause of the messy melee was the discovery of anti-Moscow propaganda in the compartments of the 19-man Red Chinese train crew and the 73 students aboard the Moscow-Peking express. When four Russian border guards and customs officials tried to confiscate the documents, mobs of Red Chinese defiantly blocked the aisles. Attempting to fight their way through the crowd, the hapless Soviet officials were pummeled, scratched and bitten; finally they were

locked into a compartment for five hours.

When the Russians hastily assembled a replacement train for the onward journey to Moscow, the Peking crew locked the emergency brakes on their own equipment, raised red signals, and moved cranes to blockade the rails. In the end, the harried Russians were able to force the Chinese train—and its rambunctious passengers—back over the frontier into Mongolia, and with a sigh of relief, Soviet trainmen chugged off toward Moscow in the replacement train. It might well be the last trip in a long time for the Moscow-Peking express. The Kremlin dashed off a scathing official protest to Peking over the "provocative violation of elementary sanitary and hygienic standards," then permanently suspended service on the route until further notice.

FRANCE

Coping with an Old Foe

The joke in Paris was that Charles de Gaulle did not know *bistek* prices were going up until his wife, *Tante Yvonne*, told him. Wherever De Gaulle got the news about French inflation, he moved swiftly last week to bring it under control.

Inflation is as typically French as street demonstrations—and often the two are linked. All French governments tend to grapple vainly with the problem. Premier Paul Ramadier fought a game but losing battle in 1947; Premier Antoine Pinay launched a "Save the Franc" campaign in 1952. Now De Gaulle is struggling against the same hydrotheaded enemy: rising prices, up 16% in three years; wage boosts, which only increase the cost spiral; and the fury of farmers.

In an unusual move, De Gaulle summoned his Cabinet during the vacation month of August, and sourly noted that without economic and financial stability France could not have the glorious "policy consistent with her interests." Premier Georges Pompidou, an ex-banker, candidly said that all Frenchmen were jiggling tax returns a bit in their own favor, lamented that "while an American always wants to demonstrate that he earns more than his neighbor, the Frenchman always wants to show you he earns less."

Credit restrictions and budgetary measures highlighted the new corrective plan announced by the government last week. Banks are limited to a 10% increase in loan portfolios. Installment buying has been tightened by increasing down payments.

In a nationwide TV speech, Finance Minister Valery Giscard d'Estaing said the success of the plan depends "on two things: conscience and confidence." The press was neither hostile nor enthusiastic. As usual, Charles de Gaulle had the last word. To his Cabinet he said, "If this doesn't do it, we'll go still farther."

FORMOSA

Little Chiang

When the United Airlines jet landed at Washington Airport last week, General Chiang Ching-kuo walked unnoticed past the waiting reception committee of U.S. officials and Chinese diplomats. It was not until moments later that they spotted him, a chunky man in a nondescript business suit, patiently examining the modernistic interior of the Dulles Terminal Building.

The committee's mistake, and the general's demeanor, were both significant. Though the eldest son of Chiang Kai-shek, Nationalist China's venerable president, Chiang Ching-kuo, 53, is the mystery man of Formosa who avoids the limelight. Partly, the mystery has professional reasons: as chief of Formosa's secret police and head of the guerrilla activities directed against Red China, he naturally seeks the shadows.

Formosan Bestseller. The visit to the U.S., his first in ten years, is said to be without special significance. He conferred with intelligence officials at both the CIA and the Pentagon, discussed the latest estimates of conditions on the Red Chinese mainland. Between conferences, he squeezed in a one-day jet flight to Cape Canaveral. He also had a 75-minute conference with the President and presented him with a copy of *Profiles in Courage* in a Chinese translation, adding that it was a bestseller on Formosa.

Kennedy and top U.S. officials were seeing face to face the man who may well succeed his father as President of Nationalist China. On Formosa, Ching-kuo is known as "Little Chiang," and his only major rival for the top job is Vice President Chen Cheng, who suffers from a liver ailment and has been in semiretirement since June. Born in Chekiang province to the Gimo's first wife, a peasant girl who was later killed in a Japanese bombing raid, Ching-kuo was 16 when the Gimo sent him to Moscow in 1925 "to learn more about revolutionary ideas." He joined the Komsomol and studied guerrilla tactics at a Red army academy. When Chiang Kai-shek broke with the Communists in 1927, a letter over Ching-kuo's name appeared in Pravda denouncing his father as a "traitor." He says the letter was a forgery.

Ching-kuo himself broke with Stalin on the issue of Trotskyism and put in some years of hard work in gold mines and factories. When the Japanese threat forged a new bond between Stalin and the Gimo in 1937, Ching-kuo was permitted to leave for China with his shy, appealing Russian wife Fanina and their son Alan.

Spot & Mop. Overjoyed at his son's return, the Gimo nevertheless thought him too Russian in his outlook and had him tutored for two years to "make him Chinese again." Ever since, Ching-kuo has loyally and efficiently handled a succession of jobs for his father, ranging



CHIANG CHING-KUO & FRIEND
The mystery was partly professional.

from operating a concentration camp for Communist suspects on Green Island to creating a system of political commissars to check on loyalty in the army. Under Ching-kuo, Nationalist guerrillas probe the mainland for soft spots in the defenses and public disaffection with the Red regime. Over the past two years, some 1,500 men have been put ashore in Chekiang and Kwangtung provinces. In U.S. opinion, individual saboteurs often complete their missions, but most large raiding parties have been quickly spotted and mopped up by the Red Chinese.

Ching-kuo has repeatedly been accused of engaging in secret talks with Peking, presumably with the object of making a deal after the Gimo's death. Those who know him best scoff at the idea that he would ever hand Formosa over to Peking.

Sino-Marxist Amalgam. With no formal university education, Ching-kuo commands little loyalty among Nationalist China's intellectuals, and his nonconformist methods irritate the top politicians of the Kuomintang. He is backed by his dashing half brother, Major General Chiang Wei-kuo, 47. As minister without portfolio in the Cabinet and special adviser to the President, Ching-kuo works closely with his father. Another source of strength is Ching-kuo's 100,000-man Youth Corps, and his veto power over promotions in the army gives him enormous influence with junior officers.

With his two older children married, Ching-kuo lives in a modest home in Taipei with his wife and two younger sons. His day begins at 6:00 a.m. with an hour's practice in Chinese calligraphy and painting, and continues in his office until midnight. He likes hiking in the mountains, but since suffering from mild diabetes has had to forgo convivial

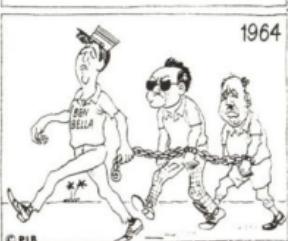
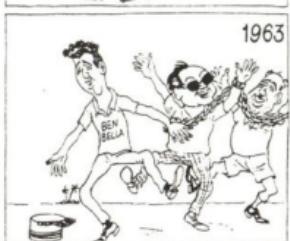
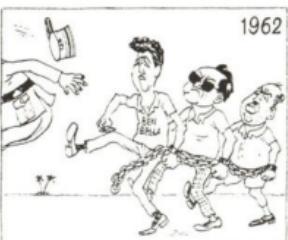
drinking—mostly vodka. One old friend sees Ching-kuo as "an amalgam of the Chinese tradition and Marxist ideas." What strikes most observers is his strange combination of shyness and power. A Chinese friend perhaps put it best when he said, "Look at his hands—there's the man: coarse, tough, patient."

As his trip to Washington neared its end last week, the mystery man met newsmen, who found him seated on a gold-embroidered sofa in the Chinese embassy. Red China, said Ching-kuo through his interpreter, is at its weakest point in history and Formosa correspondingly at its strongest. His visit was intended to bring about "common understanding" between his country and the U.S. Did that mean there were misunderstandings? Ching-kuo replied with a loud "No!" even before the question was translated. With a brisk, "That's all," the interview was concluded, and Ching-kuo drove off to Princeton, N.J., to enjoy the one U.S. experience he had insisted upon—staying at a motel.

RED CHINA

A Very Backward Country

A trained economist had a month-long look at Red China (TIME cover, Sept. 13) and emerged last week with some pertinent conclusions. The man was Raymond Scheyven, 52, Belgium's former Economic Affairs Minister and currently a member of the Belgian Parliament. Scheyven visited Canton, Peking and Shanghai, and a number of industrial centers in northeastern and central China. He was told that cloth rationing would continue for at least five years, Scheyven added that optimists gave China 20 years to catch up with the industrial nations of the West, and pessimists 40 to 50 years. Said Scheyven, "I give it approximately 60 years."



ALGERIA

The Supreme Guide

"Of all the people in the world," orated Algerian Premier Ahmed ben Bella to his fanatically cheering audience, "the Algerians are the last ones who will accept dictatorship." Then Ben Bella proceeded to make himself the one-man ruler of a one-party state.

Before 3,500 delegates of his National Liberation Front packed into Algiers' Majestic theater last week, Ben Bella accepted nomination by acclamation for President—a new title which will supersede that of Premier and hand Ben Bella even greater power.

Only a Flag. Actually, it all only sealed what had been fact for a year: the emergence of Ben Bella, the 43-year-old son of a peasant, as strongman of the Algerian revolution. Since independence in 1962, Ben Bella has elbowed out virtually all his fellow "historic chiefs" of the long guerrilla war against France. Earlier this year his staff, with help from Yugoslavians and French advisers, drew up Algeria's first constitution. Approved by the Ben Bella-controlled Assembly last month, the country's Magna Carta pronounced the Ben Bella-controlled Front to be the nation's supreme "guide"—and its only legal political party.

The Front will nominate candidates for the National Assembly and President, present them to voters in single-list, yes-no "elections." Installing Ben Bella's brand of "socialism," the constitution calls for "creation of a national economy directed by the workers." It guarantees freedom of speech, press and assembly—but only if it does

not injure the one-party system or the "socialist aspirations of the people."

Fortnight ago, the government submitted the constitution to a national referendum, announced a landslide (98%) majority for approval. But in the Kabylie mountains east of Algiers, fiercely independent Berbers staged a surprisingly effective boycott. Disappointed because Ben Bella has done little for their war-shattered region, and egged on by Marxist sympathizing Deputy Hussein Ait-Ahmed, who recently broke with Ben Bella, more than 50% of the half-million Kabylie voters stayed away from the polls. Said one Berber ex-guerrilla: "Independence? All we have got from it is the national flag."

Modest Messiah. Despite such latent opposition, Ben Bella is counting on the turbaned peasant masses, along with the popular national army of enigmatic No. 2 man, Colonel Houari Boumedienne, to keep him in power. Ben Bella's immediate problem is reviving the economy, and last week, on the eve of the presidential vote, he announced a timely boost from the Soviet Union—a \$100 million loan to Algeria. Although disbursement details had yet to be worked out on paper, Russia thus becomes Ben Bella's second most important helper after France, which has promised up to \$700 million.

Ben Bella seems hurt that anyone could consider him power-mad. "We are making a real revolution that seeks to transform a whole society," he told last week's convention, pointing out truthfully that his regime has treated its few political prisoners mildly, and that "there has not been a single execution." Anyway, insists Ben Bella, he is not interested in creating a cult of personality. "Why," he protested, "I am the world's only head of government who does not have an official photograph."

* Recently, Ben Bella told the *New Republic's* Jean Daniel: "To me, Castro is a brother, Nasser is a teacher, but Tito is an example."

SOUTH AFRICA

A Day at the Stadium

One of the few ways that South Africa's hapless blacks and coloreds have to express their dismay at *apartheid* is to boo vigorously the all-white home teams at international sports contests. In 1955 the unpatriotic favoritism of Great Britain at Bloemfontein brought about a racial slugfest that resulted in a ten-year ban on black and colored spectators in that city; five years ago, a similar clash forced officials to halt a South Africa-Britain soccer match in Johannesburg's Rand Stadium.

None of these feuds matched the battle from which Port Elizabeth was recovering last week. There 50,000 white fans were on hand to watch South Africa's Springboks face Australia in the final match of this year's rugby world series: South Africa, which has held the championship for nearly 50 years, was behind two games to one. This was quite all right with the crowd of 5,000 nonwhites, which inside its segregated enclosure felt no sympathy for the locals. With the visitors ahead in this final match, the nonwhites cheered so loudly that the puzzled Australian players were taken aback.

Then, with 18 minutes to play, South Africa bounced back to tie the score—and the black bleachers exploded in a roar of anguish. Nonwhites began pouring over their fence onto the field, hurling bottles and bricks. Police with drawn clubs rushed them, joined by volunteer whites. A white farmer emptied his pistol into the air.

On the field, South African Forward Dick Putter was cut in the mouth by one missile, and as a bottle spun toward Referee Piet Myburgh, a husky Australian saved him with a flying tackle. After play resumed, South Africa won,



RIOTERS AT PORT ELIZABETH
And then it was 22 to 6.



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22 to 6. The score among the spectators: six whites and 20 nonwhites hospitalized, two nonwhites arrested, 40 cars in the parking lot damaged from rocks rained onto them from the black stands.

Possibly hinting that nonwhites may be barred from all stadiums, Foreign Minister Eric Louw thundered that "active measures are necessary to prevent this sort of thing," which, he complained, "is giving South Africa a bad name overseas." As for Port Elizabeth, the authorities there decided that the wise course would be to sell no more beverages in bottles—and to double the admission price for nonwhites at future games.

NIGERIA

Verdict in Lagos

It was shock enough to learn of the conspiracy to overthrow the government of Nigeria by violence, for Nigeria has been one of the most stable of Africa's new nations. But it seemed almost incredible that the ringleader could have been the bespectacled chief prisoner in the dock of a Lagos courtroom last week—the respected Chief Obafemi Awolowo.

Educated by Protestant missionaries and still a nonsmoking teetotaler, Awolowo worked his way to a London University law degree, served five years as the solid, efficient Prime Minister of his native Western Region and headed Nigeria's opposition party, the Action Group. Before independence in 1960, he was influential in drawing up Nigeria's constitution. Would Awolowo, a masterful organizer, really get mixed up in a half-baked, amateurish plot to wipe out his nation's top leadership with a handful of explosives, arms, and rebels trained in nearby Ghana?

Winks from the Dock. Indeed he would—and did—insisted Nigeria's federal prosecutor in the marathon, ten-month trial that filled 1,400 pages of testimony. Witness after witness—53 in all—came into court to testify that Awolowo planned to topple federal Prime Minister Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa last Sept. 21 with the help of 200 trained men on the eve of a state visit by India's Jawaharlal Nehru.

A government witness testified that on Awolowo's instructions he had carried a check to purchase arms in Ghana. Police claimed that they had dug up four cartridges hidden in Awolowo's backyard. Although conducted with grave decorum, the trial had its interruptions. One prosecution witness complained that some of the accused in the dock were giving him the juju version of the evil eye—a wink.

Awolowo, denying all the accusations, said there was insufficient evidence to prove the case, and declared that some of the testimony was obtained under duress. In a half-hour closing oration, Awolowo frankly lamented that "the invaluable services which . . .



CHIEF AWOLOWO



SIR ABUBAKAR

Half-baked and amateurish.

I can still render will be lost to the country." The judge, George Sowemimo, who was openly distressed by the entire proceeding, said he had no choice but to convict. In a nine-hour decision delivered last week, he gave Awolowo ten years in prison for treasonable felony, just a bit milder than the 15-year prison term meted out to Awolowo's crony, Politico Tony Enahoro, a few days earlier.

Headless Opposition. With the convictions of Awolowo and Enahoro, the opposition Action Group is virtually decapitated. But the party still enjoys the loyal backing of Western Nigeria's predominant, advanced Yoruba tribe. The clannish Yorubas will almost certainly reorganize to challenge the North and East once more. At week's end many a Nigerian was wondering how long his country's delicate balance of regional rivalries, which has been the key to Africa's most admired democracy, could last.

Unperturbed, Sir Abubakar, a Moslem from the North, went ahead with plans to convert Nigeria on Oct. 1 from a British dominion to a republic within the British Commonwealth. Sir Abubakar will remain the real boss. The changeover will merely install a ceremonial President as head of state to replace Queen Elizabeth, who is now sovereign.

CONGO

Please Don't Go

The seven-story Leopoldville building that serves as U.N. headquarters in the Congo once buzzed with daily crises: today its corridors are quiet and staffers greet one another with: "What are your plans?" At a U.N. airstrip, Swedish jet pilots kill time by strafing a damaged aircraft on the ground. "Using up ammunition," an officer explains. "We won't take it home."

Three chaotic years after intervening

in the Congo, the U.N. military forces last week were packing up to leave. Under orders from Secretary General U Thant, the remaining 5,077 combat troops (already pared sharply from a peak of 19,000 since the final crushing of Katanga last January) are scheduled for departure by Dec. 31. The planned pull-out represents a victory for such intransigent opponents of the U.N. Congo operation as Russia and France. Chiefly because of the holdouts' refusal to help share the costs, the U.N. is \$140 million in debt, and Thant has not "a single cent" with which to finance the peacekeeping force next year.

Shaky Baby. But last week, Thant's scheduled evacuation was causing alarmed protest from the U.S., Britain and Belgium, which doubt the Congo's ability to stand alone. In Katanga province, 15,000 ex-gendarmes of ousted Secessionist Moise Tshombe have vanished into the bush: roaming bands of them stage highway robberies and raid villages to guzzle the local beer stocks. The 30,000-man Congolese army, whose 1960 mutiny ignited the civil war, has produced a nucleus of disciplined officers, thanks to its spunky commander, General Joseph Mobutu; no longer are unarmed civilians shot down at random in Elisabethville.

But the army's retraining program is far behind schedule, and there are nagging symptoms of anarchy to come. In an African nation whose three principal cities are about as far apart as Tulsa, Detroit and Jacksonville, there is also the problem of enforcing central government rule among remote tribesmen—an effort that the U.N. soldiers and civilians assisted.

"Kill . . . Kill." Moderate, Westward-leaning Premier Cyrille Adoula desperately wants the U.N. to stay, is considering a personal appeal to the General Assembly as a last resort. With elections scheduled for next spring, the Congo's old extremists are lurking in



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the wings. Egide Davidson Bocheley, partisan of the erratic late Premier Patrice Lumumba, outlined his national policy recently at a press conference: "Kill Adoula! Kill [President Joseph] Kasavubu! Chase out the Americans!" Tshombe, relaxing in Spain after treatment for eye trouble and amoebic dysentery, has assured friends that he plans an active part in the campaign.

Faced with the uproar, Thant last week called a press conference, announced that he was turning the whole decision over to the Security Council and the General Assembly—but that he would stick to his pull-out plan unless he got some emergency financing. One possibility: a reduced Congo force of perhaps 3,000 men, paid for by the U.S. and other interested nations.

AMERICANS ABROAD

The Magic Word

At first it seemed like another in the long series of racial incidents in the armed forces. It began one evening as a group of Negro soldiers of the 557th Quartermaster Company were returning to their barracks at the big U.S. airbase at Evreux, 62 miles west of Paris. Across the road lay another barracks, housing the 317th Supply Squadron, where the airmen were winding up a "G.I. party," that is, a cleanup before next morning's inspection.

Death at Dawn. The Negroes passing by were noisy, and someone shouted at them from a second-story window of the Supply Squadron barracks. No one knows who did the shouting. No one agrees on what was shouted. But unquestionably, the shouts contained what Negro soldiers at Evreux call "the magic word"—nigger. Rushing into their own barracks, the Negroes grabbed 12-in. metal rods used to transform beds into bunks and raced across the street.

First there was much pushing, shouting and loud argument. Then a fight broke out, lasting approximately 30 seconds. When it was over, six white airmen were hospitalized with head wounds. None of the injuries seemed serious, but at dawn Airman First Class Robert Padgett, 23, of Woodlawn, Va., died of a brain hemorrhage.

Next morning the Quartermaster Company was lined up, and the surviving injured airmen picked out their assailants, who were all PFCs: Richard Parker of Eckman, W. Va., Edward Spears of New York City, Raymond Bost of Pittsburgh, Franklin Waddell and Robert Burrell of Philadelphia. The arrested men were Negroes, the injured and the dead whites. Even so, there was a debate at Evreux as to whether or not the fatal brawl was indeed a race riot.

Gung-Ho Look. Both units are completely integrated and in the same proportion—about 17% Negro. And there were grounds for grievances other than racial. The Quartermaster Company,

the only Army unit on the base, must submit to a midnight bed check, while airmen have only to report for duty each morning. As an airborne unit, the Quartermaster Company keeps in rugged physical shape, has the tough look of gung-ho soldiers. The men of the Supply unit have the look of office workers and the vanity of intellectuals. One airman sneered, "You could take that whole Army company across the road and add up their IQs and you wouldn't get 200."

At week's end even more doubt was cast on the racial implications of the fight when a sixth member of the Quartermaster Company was arrested and also charged with homicide and aggravated assault. He was a white man, PFC Allen Gernard, 18, of New York City, who presumably had grabbed a piece of pipe and joined his Negro buddies in the attack on the airmen.

MALAYSIA

Hurray for Harry

When pretty Catherine Loh was elected Miss Malaysia last April, the pert beauty from the oil-rich British protectorate of Brunei fully expected to preside over the independence ceremonies of the newly formed Federation of Malaysia. But that was before Brunei withdrew from the planned federation in a state of pique, leaving Malaya, Singapore, Sarawak and North Borneo to go it alone. Brunei's defection not only left this week's joyous celebrations without a beauty queen but it also took Malaysia out of the running for the Miss Universe contest.

The beauty queen flap was low on the list of last-minute labor pains attending the long-awaited birth of Malaysia. At the insistence of Indonesia's belligerent President Sukarno, who bitterly opposes the federation, Malaysia's independence had been postponed two weeks beyond the original Aug. 31 starting date, while a United Nations team investigated whether or not North Borneo and Sarawak really wanted to join. Hoping to influence opinion against federation, Sukarno began moving paratroopers into Indonesian Borneo along his 900-mile-long border with the two territories. Some Indonesian guerrillas even sneaked through the jungles into Sarawak to stir up trouble; they were relentlessly hunted down by tough little British army Gurkhas, aided by half-naked Iban tribesmen, who hung up at least one Indonesian head in the rafters of their longhouses.

Fearful that Indonesia might extract further delays out of Malaya's easy-going Prime Minister Tunku Abdul Rahman, the architect of the federation, Singapore's brilliant, shifty Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew, who regards Sukarno as "an international blackmailer," swung into action. Flying to Sarawak and North Borneo, "Harry" Lee picked up the chief ministers of both territories



BEAUTY QUEEN CATHERINE LOH
No Miss Universe.

and brought them back to Kuala Lumpur to stiffen up the Tunku. Britain's Commonwealth Secretary Duncan Sandys was also on hand, working hard to get agreement. Threatening to declare Singapore an independent state, Lee pressured Abdul Rahman into holding firm for the federation's Sept. 16 deadline.

Last week the final obstacle to independence was cleared away when the U.N.'s Malaysia team reported that both North Borneo and Sarawak favored the federation. As the new nation prepared to unfurl its red-and-white-striped flag, Harry Lee was quick to capitalize on the occasion. With his popularity at its zenith for his major role in bringing the federation about, he scheduled immediate elections in Singapore.



THE TUNKU, SANDYS & LEE
No further delay.

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Bread for Russia

The broad prairie wheat fields of Canada are fast becoming a breadbasket for the Communist world. Last month, scooping into its gigantic surplus, Canada closed its second big grain sale to Red China—this time for more than \$360 million. Last week the Russians came to call and quietly negotiated the biggest single one-year wheat export deal in Canadian history.

According to Ottawa, which expected to sign the agreement this week, the Russians want a staggering 225 million to 250 million bu. next year. Estimated value: \$500 million. Added to the China sale and Canada's normal 250 million-bu. wheat trade, the purchase will boost exports 50% higher than the 1952 record of 336 million bu. The deal could produce a trade surplus of nearly \$1 billion, biggest since 1945.

The sale seemed to confirm some Western suspicions about the state of Soviet agriculture. Russia has always been an exporter of wheat, and usually went into the market only to shore up its satellites or because it was cheaper to ship Canadian grain across the Pacific to Siberia than send its own wheat the 7,000-mile length of Russia. At that, the Soviets never bought more than 14.8 million bu. a year.

But now the Russians apparently need wheat to make up for crop shortages, both in the Ukraine, suffering from scorching drought, and in Nikita Khrushchev's ambitious "virgin-lands" development scheme in Soviet Asia. Canadian Agriculture Minister Harry Hays returned from an 18-day trip behind the Iron Curtain to report that Russians insistently asked what Canadians did about drought and dust. On his recent Russian journey, U.S. Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman went through the Ukraine but was permitted to travel only to the fringes of the virgin-lands.

From beneath their crushing surpluses, world wheat suppliers in the U.S. viewed the huge Russian purchases and a poor Western European crop with a hopeful eye. They saw signs of a "fundamental change" in the international market.

BRAZIL

The Holocaust

In underdeveloped Brazil, the state of Paraná occupies a vital niche. From its fertile soil come 45% of the country's coffee, 90% of its newsprint, and huge quantities of corn, cotton and beans. Last week Brazil's most prosperous farm state was going up in flames—victim of one of the worst fires in



DEVASTATED HOME & FOREST LAND
Out of the woods, a ball of flame.

HANDOUT

any country's history. Scattered over 50,000 sq. mi., or more than half the state, the fires reduced vast forests of pine, cedar and eucalyptus to ashes, turned coffee plantations and pastures into scorched wastelands, devoured homes and destroyed thousands of head of livestock. Officials could only guess at the toll—uncounted millions in property damage, at least 78 people dead, thousands more injured, possibly 15,000 homeless.

The First Spark. To blame was the state's eight-month drought, which has turned the southern part of Brazil—from the Uruguayan border to Rio—into a tinderbox. All it took was some farmers burning off their land for the next planting, cigarettes carelessly flicked away, campfires not quite snuffed out, or a spark from an old coal-burning locomotive. What started at a few scattered blazes soon blew into hundreds of fires, then thousands.

In one typical hour last week, radio dispatches told the grim tale. Terra Rica: "Fires have destroyed the whole region." Santa Fé: "Incalculable material losses." Ipiranga: "The people are desperate." Curitiba: "35 dead, 60 treated in the medical center, 106 houses destroyed, 901 refugees." In Natinqui, where 23 died, terrified town-folk described a "huge ball of flame about 100 meters around" that leaped suddenly out of the forest, landing on two homes at once.

With some 10,000 state fire fighters, militiamen, federal troops and volunteers, Paraná officials are concentrating more on saving populated areas than fighting the flames themselves. No town has been totally burned. The biggest victory was saving Cidade Nova, site of Brazil's largest paper mill. It took 17 bulldozers and hundreds of fire fighters clearing a two-mile-wide fire lane around the town to check the flames. Though 70% of the mill's forest reserves were wiped out, the mill and town were saved.

Only 22 hours after Paraná's Gov-

ernor Ney Braga requested U.S. aid, three plane loads of food, medicine, tents, fire fighters, doctors and nurses landed in Paraná. A U.S. Navy Task Force in Rio on maneuvers provided gauze, cotton and medication for fire victims. Top U.S. fire-control experts flew in immediately, including Merle Lowden, chief of the fire-control division of the U.S. Forest Service. Peace Corps doctors and nurses opened a 100-bed hospital in Tibagi, where U.S. officials began doling out supplies. Homeless and penniless the refugees may be, says a Brazilian in Tibagi, "but most of them are wearing new clothes for the first time in their lives, and they're overfed."

Window into the Blaze. By week's end many of the fires had burned themselves out. But new ones were threatening the neighboring states of São Paulo on the north and Santa Catarina on the south. A heavy blue haze overhanging the entire state, making it difficult for planes to spot new fires before they got out of control. At one point the haze lifted for an hour or so. And in that time, U.S. Consul Arthur Feldman, flying in a light plane, discovered two previously unreported fires moving rapidly toward Curitiba, the capital of Paraná. One was 35 miles away, the other 17.

THE ALIANZA

Cut When It Hurts

On the first anniversary of the Alianza for Progress last year, Coordinator Teodoro Moscoso fired off a blunt message to his staff. There was, he said, "nothing to celebrate." Last month, when it came time for a second anniversary, Puerto Rico's Moscoso found signs of progress in the ten-year program for social reform and economic development in Latin America. As "brick and mortar" evidence, he noted that U.S. Alliance funds, amounting to \$1.5 billion in the past two years, have helped build 140,000 homes, 8,000 classrooms, 1,500 water systems and

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We won't be mad. Just surprised. **Yardley**

900 hospitals and clinics; eleven nations have made modest starts on tax reform, twelve others on land reform. But Moscoso still feels glum. "We were just beginning to make real progress," he says, bitterly, "and now Congress has clobbered us."

Equal to Cuba. Like all foreign aid, the Alliance was hard hit when the House of Representatives recently chopped nearly \$1 billion from President Kennedy's original \$4.5 billion request for fiscal 1964. Despite earlier congressional authorization of \$600 million a year over a four-year period, the House was now willing to allow only \$450 million for the Alliance. If the cut stands, says Moscoso, the U.S. Government investment in all of Latin America next year will amount to little more than what Russia is pumping into Communist Cuba alone.

For many Latin Americans, the House action was interpreted as a vote of no confidence in the Alliance. Staunch supporters of the program felt abandoned, complained that the U.S. had not kept its word. Predictably, Fidel Castro's Havana radio gloated over the "doomed" Alliance. To make matters a little worse, the aid cut came just when, according to Moscoso, the "objectives and principles of the Alliance are beginning to make an impact on the thinking of Latin Americans." Says Moscoso: "I've tried to explain it to them, but I'm afraid that disenchantment with the Alliance has already set in. We've made commitments, and now we're going to have great difficulty in meeting them."

Houses & Medicine. By scraping up money from such sources as the Export-Import Bank and the Peace Corps, Moscoso hopes to stretch out his budget for a while. But Alliance economists are busy figuring out scaled-down programs, even though there is a possibility that the Senate might reverse the House action. A \$150 million cutback could mean abandoning plans next year to build 10,000 classrooms and low-cost housing for some 175,000 people; it would cancel low-interest loans to 10,000 farmers for plows, seed and fertilizer to escape subsistence-level farming, wipe out a plan for loans to 6,000 small businessmen to stimulate grass-roots private enterprise, and force withdrawal of U.S. support for 60 mobile medical units which provide treatment for 2,000,000 people in 600 Central American villages. And finally, it would prevent the U.S. Food for Peace program from expanding its operations to help feed some 6,000,000 children throughout Latin America.

In the light of the Alliance's slow start and the widespread criticism of it, congressional impatience is understandable. But the danger is that a sharp cut in the aid funds might well, as Moscoso warns, cause the U.S. to "lose the tenuous but specific initiative we have gained in Latin America during the last two years."

CUBA

Study in Grey

As an island laboratory for Marxist revolution, Fidel Castro's Cuba is the place where stern Communist discipline meets Fidel Castro's quixotic Latin temperament. To assess the experiment, TIME's Buenos Aires Bureau Chief Gavin Scott, traveling on his Canadian passport, first visited Havana 17 months ago. Last week he returned from a second two-week trip to Cuba. A summary of his report:

Grey, not red, is the color of Communism, and by that standard, Cuba's Marxists are succeeding mightily. Havana, once the gayest city in the hemisphere, continues its steady decline into

GAVIN SCOTT



ECONOMIC PLANNER RODRÍGUEZ
Doing it the Khrushchev way.

uniform drabness. The people are quieter, the buildings shabbier, the cars fewer and more dilapidated. The U.S. cars that once taxied tourists around are vanishing fast—and so are the American buses. As bone-jouncing replacements, canvas-covered Russian trucks with wooden benches for seats rattle through the streets. A year and a half ago, Havana's news stalls still displayed a few back copies of U.S. magazines, but no more. And a monotonous buzz blots out the radio broadcasts from Miami. Even that wonderful old mirror over the bar at Ernest Hemingway's famous hangout La Floridita has been taken down. In its place is one of those sweaty murals of militant struggle, which is enough to drive a person from drink.

A Red at Every Elbow. If the Russians were in evidence before, their presence overwhelms today. Awaiting take-off of their TU-114 at Jose Marti Airport in Havana, 50 flaxen-haired Soviet technicians clutch cardboard boxes of rum still stenciled with the anachro-

nistic legend: "Let's go to Cuba, the inviting island next door." Soviet-piloted MIG-21s scorch over the countryside near the airbase at San Antonio de los Baños; Soviet freighters dock Havana harbor, new arrivals unloading daily.

No one knows how many Russian troops remain in Cuba, but there are at least 4,000 nonmilitary technicians, and they have a say in everything. At each ministry a Russian adviser sits at the elbow of the Cuban in charge. The Russians are well aware that there is no romance left in Castro's revolution; and they are relentlessly pushing the Cubans to get to work. Soviet Ambassador Alexander Alexeev has told friends: "Let's give the Cubans three or four years to straighten out."

The campaign seems to be having at least some small effect. In Cuba's misplanned economy, rationing is still severe if not quite at subsistence level. The distribution system is endless chaos—one week an avalanche of avocados, the next week none. But now Cuban officials freely admit having made serious errors, cite poor management of state farms and premature efforts to industrialize. They talk endlessly of the peasants' and workers' grievances, always promising to give them more—just as Khrushchev does in Moscow. Public complaints used to be crimes against the revolution—but today Cubans are permitted to gripe out loud.

An increasingly influential advocate of economic revision is Carlos Rafael Rodriguez, 50, goateed, urbane boss of the National Institute of Agrarian Reform. He is a longtime Communist in a land where, as an experienced Western diplomat puts it, "instinctively the old Communists follow the Moscow line, the new Communists the Peking line." Says Rodriguez: "First we must satisfy our population. If we must reduce the tempo of our industrial development in order to produce consumer goods, then we must do it."

Al Trabajo, Fidel Castro still rails at the U.S. in his speeches. But Cuba's Communists do not seriously fear a U.S. invasion. President Kennedy, in fact, has promised them that the U.S. will not invade. Nor do they worry much about an internal uprising; after four years of power, they feel secure behind their 50,000-man army and 250,000-man militia. The slogan "Patria o Muerte" [fatherland or death] was on every wall 17 months ago; today the dinnings words are *Al Trabajo*, meaning "to work."

Confident that they are in for keeps, Cuba's Communists at every level sing Moscow's song of peaceful co-existence with the U.S. Anti-Yankee propaganda is less shrill in tone, and those vicious caricatures of Uncle Sam poking lifeless Latinos in the belly are disappearing from the papers. "Why is it," asks a University of Havana student, "that Kennedy wants to be friends with Khrushchev, but not with Fidel? After all, both are leaders of socialist nations."

OK! BLOW



Front row, l. to r.: Fleetside pickup, low-cab-forward model, 60 Series stake

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THE WHISTLE!



80 Series tandem, diesel tilt cab, Stepside pickup. Middle row, l. to r.: Step-Van, light-duty stake, Step-Van 7. Back row, l. to r.: Carryall, Corvan.

In addition to the two kinds of pickups shown in the picture, there's the rear-engine Corvair 95 Rampside with its exclusive side-loading feature.

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PEOPLE



INGRID
Regal and Radiant.

She has not made a movie in three years, but when Ingrid Bergman, 46, appeared in Rome for the first day's shooting of *The Lady's Vengeance*, it was clear that time must have a stop. Radiant and regal in a white Bangkok-silk suit, she was playing the richest woman in the world and even celeb-wary Italians were star-struck. Every one cheered delightedly a few days later when Ingrid, her Co-Star Anthony Quinn and Bette Davis—all two-time Oscar winners—were awarded Italy's own palm, the Silver Mask award, for exceptional contributions to the screen.

At 10 p.m. E.S.T. on Oct. 6, CBS will have *Liz Taylor* to guide its TV audience through the city of London. Over at NBC, despair was setting in, and then the answer came. Against the world's best-paid movie star (a projected \$7.1 million for *Cleopatra*), NBC will throw a special on the world's "best-paid" baseball player (\$105,000 per season): San Francisco's *Willie Mays*, 32. But the move will not be enough to change at least one viewer's plans. "I know all about me," grinned Willie. "So I'm going to watch her."

Forward March, and for three days visiting former President *Harry S. Truman*, 79, kept Manhattan newsmen panting in his wake during those famous early-morning walkie-talkies. Never breaking his military 30-in., 120-per-min. stride, H.S.T. had something to say about practically everything. On tax cuts: "I am old fashioned. I believe you should pay in more than you spend." On desegregation: Alabama Governor Wallace "won't make it." Nonetheless, the civil rights march on Washington was "silly." The next morning Truman had a question of his own for a reporter: "Would you want your daughter to marry a Negro?" When the

surprised newsman said love should decide it, Harry frowned: "Well, she won't love someone who isn't her color."

Because it's there? No. Because he was there. In Africa to address a conference on wildlife preservation, Interior Secretary *Stewart Udall*, 43, who gets a boot out of barging around mountains (two years ago he hopped up Japan's 12,388-ft. Mount Fuji), now was set on 19,317-ft. Mount Kilimanjaro. "This is not a dangerous climb, just a long, hard walk," said Stew, and up he went casually clad in climbing pants, sports shirt and sweater. That was a bit skimpy for the hidden throes of Kilimanjaro—one seasoned mountaineer in the party collapsed from the altitude—but puffing and wheezing, Udall hauled himself onto the summit three days after starting. "It's something you do once and never again," he said. "The only exercise I've done this year is climb the Washington Monument."

The photographer said he was more interested in glamour, elegance and social position than he was in pure beauty. And on those counts, *Lee Radziwill*, 30, handily qualified for Philippe Halsman's gallery of eight of Europe's loveliest women, which appeared in *Paris Match*. Winding up his six-week study of the ladies, he found Lee in her London home, popped her into a Castillo evening gown and clicked away. "She has an extremely interesting and beautiful face," he said afterward. But presumably not all that fascinating to the editors of *McCall's*, who had eleven months ago run a fashion piece on her. With an abridged version of the gallery

GEORGE ARCEPENKO



HARRY
Walking and talking.



LEE
Popped and chopped.

in the coming issue, they chopped Lee (and Monaco's Princess Grace) from the roster.

On the day after Christmas, 1944, the first troops under the command of firebrand General *George S. Patton* broke through besieging Germans to relieve the hard-pressed U.S. defenders of Bastogne, where General Anthony McAuliffe had greeted surrender demands with the now classic "Nuts." Last week, in Bastogne, Belgians honored the memory with a statue of Patton dedicated "to the glory of a great leader who put his stamp on the history of his time." And across the border, an unusual kudos went to Patton's onetime enemy on the beaches of Normandy, West German General *Hans Speidel*, 65, recently retired commander of NATO's central European land forces: he was made the first honorary member of the crack U.S. Seventh Army.

The \$58 million federal project that will create Texas' largest fresh water lake has been known as McGee Bend Dam since 1956. Now, with the presidential signing of a congressional bill, its name becomes the *Sam Rayburn* Dam, honoring the late House Speaker who "devotedly and ably served this nation in the Congress for 50 years."

Everything about the party was high. It took place at 33,000 ft. aboard a DC-8 en route from Montreal to Paris. The cake was in the shape of a straw hat, and the night-long free champagne was Moët et Chandon 1955. It was Trans Canada Air Lines' way of bidding happy birthday to *Maurice Chevalier*, 75. Said the septuagenarian on landing: "I haven't closed my eyes since I left Montreal, but I don't feel tired at all." Will he ever retire? "I'd like to do a movie with Brigitte Bardot," he said.



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EDUCATION

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Teachers Get a Hand In Running New York

New York City's public schools opened in high spirits last week. Teachers were pleased: by threatening to strike they had won a pay raise of sorts and improvements in working conditions. Calvin E. Gross, superintendent of the nation's biggest school system, was relieved: he could turn from being a labor negotiator to being an educator. Students—more than a million of them—were grateful that the city had provided a teacher for every one of them, in contrast to past years.

The schools will need high spirits—and more. For back of last week's op-

more pupils than Baltimore has people, New York has high schools so overloaded that some of them have five daily shifts. "Lunch" begins at 9:45 a.m. in cafeterias filled with students "stored" there until a classroom empties. Last year 57,500 children got only four hours' daily schooling.

Teacher Dropouts. New York has some of the country's brightest youngsters, best specialized high schools, and far more than its share of national scholarship winners. But the city is losing students to the suburbs, and hard-to-teach Negro and Puerto Rican children are on the increase—they comprise 76.5% of all elementary school pupils in Manhattan. Such children are often so transient that in some schools

touch with the troops in the trenches. Teachers have to punch time clocks, use rigid "lesson plans" that often do not match student needs. They find principals too busy to talk—and principals in turn find their superiors too busy to talk.

Many vital problems never reach Livingston Street. Requests to fix a falling ceiling vanish in a Byzantine fog. It may take years to get an updated syllabus in math or science. Everyone has horror stories about "The System," including Superintendent Gross, the highly skilled administrator who arrived from Pittsburgh last spring to try to bring order out of chaos. "I know one girl who was in the building for six hours just looking for someone to find a job application for teaching," says Gross with cool fury. "I'm going to humanize this system if I have to turn into a monster to do it."

Power Struggle. It was just this goal

BY FRIEDMAN

HENRY FRIEDMAN



APPLAUDING UNION VICTORY

The system will be humanized even if it takes a monster to do it.

timism lie all the system's old problems and some serious new ones.

A Share of Management. Most Americans take a dim view of teachers even threatening to strike. The 858,000-member National Education Association, old-line rival of the upstart 82,000-member American Federation of Teachers, deplores strikes as unprofessional. New York law forbids strikes by public employees. Nevertheless, the A.F.T.'s New York local, bargaining agent for the city's 43,000 teachers, won not only money but something more significant than money: a voice in how the schools will be run. The Board of Education committed itself to consulting the United Federation of Teachers regularly on such of its former prerogatives as ways of hiring teachers, size of classes, curriculum and general "educational policy and development."

Some of what teachers want—typically, smaller classes—is what good education needs; that it took a union to get such improvements is a measure of the city school mess. But the principle could well come back to haunt the board. It has already begun to find the union objecting to improvements unless the union first "negotiates" them.

There is plenty to improve. With

teachers get two sets of students between September and June. The city has poured extra cash and supplies into 274 "special service" schools, but none of it goes far enough. A third of all junior high students are at least two years retarded in reading, 90,000 kids can barely speak English, and more than half of all students drop out of school before graduation.

Last year 1,018 teachers dropped out too—many leaving for the suburbs. The union estimates that 13,500 more regular teachers are needed. Last fall the New York State education department issued a 710-page report that complimented the city school system for having "moved mountains," and then proceeded on almost every page to rip it apart with criticisms of "heavy teaching loads, meager instructional materials, and limited or inept supervision."

Paper Curtain. New York's worst affliction is the paper curtain that separates teachers in the classroom from administrators at "Livingston Street," or Board of Education headquarters, an ugly box of a building in Brooklyn that once housed the Elks of the region. Livingston Street is awash with able, well-intentioned administrators, but most of them live by the numbers and have lost



NEXT DAY IN SCHOOL

that led teachers in 1960 to eye the U.F.T. as a possible savior. With fewer than 10,000 members, the union staged a one-day strike that wrung from the Board of Education the right of all teachers to choose a single bargaining agent. In the resulting election, the union beat an N.E.A. group by two to one, emerged as the teachers' voice.

Ironically, the union soon had a rival in reforming zeal: a lively new Board of Education, born of construction scandals that had sent the old board packing. But in trying to assert its power, the new board confronted a union mentality that distrusted "management" and seemed more obsessed with pay than pedagogy. Union demands soon demonstrated the fallacy of the idea that the board is management, for the board has no power of the purse and does not control its assets. It must appeal for money to the city's Democratic administration, which in turn depends on the state's Republican legislature for about one-third of its school funds. Union pressure against the board is thus a charade: the real game is to leapfrog the board and play off the rival politicians.

\$580 a Year. So it fell, in the show-down of this year's strike threat, to Mayor Robert Wagner to spur a settle-



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ment. He sent in three mediators who essentially suggested money next year, and the union rapidly agreed. The teachers won a raise averaging \$580, most of it to come in 1964-65. The city will then be offering a \$6,425 starting salary for beginning teachers with a master's degree, and the "super-maximum" will hit \$11,025.

Where all this may lead depends largely on whether the union works with and not against Superintendent Gross, who saw clearly that the union's demand for a voice in policy could be turned into a constructive force. Gross hopes now to revamp New York's school system drastically, using such sharp tools as team teaching, programmed learning, a crash program for slow readers. To give teachers a genuine feeling of "getting results," Gross may well reshape administration from stem to stern. Calmly taking the measure of his task, he says: "I don't think the school system can be administered effectively in its present state."

STUDENTS

Loans for Learning

A year of college education can cost as little as an automatic dishwasher or as much as a sports car. But though both dishwashers and sports cars can be bought on credit, loans have long been hard to get on so undisposableable a thing as an education. In 1960 a group of businessmen and educators, chiefly in Indiana and California, founded the United Student Aid Funds Inc. in an effort to make student loans easier to get and pay off.

USAF's idea was to create a reserve fund with which to guarantee student loans otherwise unbacked by collateral. "Banks are willing to lend money to a student on the diminishing value of his secondhand car," says USAF President Allen D. Marshall, a former executive of General Electric and General Dynamics. "They should be more willing to lend it on the increasing value of his education." Under USAF's plan, a student may borrow up to \$4,000 from any bank in the organization's expanding network. While regular bank loans can cost up to 8% in true interest, nonprofit, tax-exempt USAF can secure loans repayable at as little as 5% and in no case more than 6% simple interest. And the student does not have to begin repaying the loan until five months after graduation.

Last week, as the school year got under way, USAF had endorsed some 1,800 loans, bringing its total to more than 20,000 and \$10.6 million. To date, only 21 borrowers have defaulted—three because of death. USAF's network has expanded to include more than 530 colleges and 3,600 banks in 44 states. Assets, which are provided by grants from foundations, corporations, colleges and universities, now total \$4,000,000, and USAF can bring forth \$12.50 in bank loans for every \$1 in its reserve.



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SATIE BY PICASSO
At last, the punch line.

RECITALS

Shoot the Piano Players

Erik Satie was the court musician of Dadaism. He swooped around Paris in the *belle époque* of the 1900s with a lighted pipe in his pocket and could be seen most afternoons in the cafés with his pocket gently smoldering. He pronounced himself Pope of the "Metropolitan Church of Art of Jesus the Conductor," issued blizzards of encyclopedias and excommunicated unfriendly music critics. He cheerfully orchestrated his music for airplane propellers, lottery wheels and typewriters—and occasionally delivered it to his friends in the form of paper gliders. He also wrote a little work for piano called *Vexations*—an 80-second chordal theme of only 180 notes in 52 beats. Then, in high humor, he added to the score an instruction that *Vexations* was to be played by a pianist with "interior immobility"—840 times in unbroken succession.

No Control. Last week, 43 years after it was written, *Vexations* was finally performed as directed. The recital began at dusk in a dim little hall on Manhattan's Lower East Side, and with chicken soup and peaches to keep them going, a dozen pianists kept the ritual alive for 18 hours and 40 minutes until the final E was struck for the 840th time the next afternoon. The pianists, who were led by Composer John Cage, presented uniform poker faces to their audience, and everyone who bought one of the \$5 tickets got a nickel refund for each 20 minutes he stayed in his seat.

Cage, who has by some means determined that "people today are no longer afraid of time," played *Vexations* 75 times himself, then retired to sleep soundly on a foam-rubber pad down in the basement. But those who sat through the whole thing found themselves deeply enriched by the experience. The pianists were all transfixed

by the music's windshield-wiper logic, and while each played his 20-minute turn (15 *Vexations*), the relief pianist stood by the piano, cultivating his interior immobility. "This kind of music," said one communicant, "leads toward the elimination of conscious control!"

Solemn Bows. *Vexations'* première proved it to be in many ways Satie's finest joke. After even a dozen hearings, the music became more a hex than a vex, its funeral tune permanently etched in everyone's ear. The August New York Times dispatched eight critics in two-hour relays to cover the performance and gave 101 column inches to an account the next day. One critic, who signed in as "Anon," confessed he had slept through his stint, but another, who took over the keyboard himself when one of Cage's men failed to show up, found his mind tuned to an "inner state of balance"—whatever that is. "The experience," he wrote after he recovered, "is dreamlike, and the pianist tries to resist waking up."

Cage was on his feet with his mesmerized colleagues to take his solemn bows when the historic moment arrived. The audience—including an actor who was the only one to sit through the whole concert, and a neo-Dadaist who honored the occasion by wearing a bell around his neck—jumped to its feet for a spirited round of applause. "Bravo!" shouted the inwardly immobile. "Encore!" shouted a desperate wit.

DANCE

Love, Work, Warm Night Air

The queue reached down the shaded walk and across the grass, streaming out like a scarf in the wind. Children and adults, they had come from Harlem, Park Avenue and Greenwich Village to gather at Central Park's Delacorte Theater for the final scheduled performance in a ten-night summer dance festival. When the box office opened to pass out the 2,263 free tickets that filled every seat, the end of the long line was awash with customary disappointment. As had happened on every other night of the

festivals, there was one who was turned away for every one who got in.

Happy Results. The second season of the park's Rebekah Harkness Foundation Dance Festival conclusively proved what its first had plainly suggested—that the Manhattan dance audience is as vast as it is eager to improve its slender diet. Conceived just last year as a \$15,000, six-day experiment, the program was nourished along this year with a \$39,500 grant from the Harkness Foundation, and was expanded to fill the "dark" Monday nights of the park's Shakespeare Festival. The season was such a success with the crowds that plans are already afoot to extend it to two full weeks at next summer's end.

To achieve such happy results, Producers William Ritman and Bernard Gersten signed up dancers for seven different programs designed to exhibit the breadth of American dance—modern, ethnic and ballet. They presented some of the nation's star dancers: New York City Ballet Principal Dancer Edward Villella, Tap Dancer Paul Draper and the ethnic dancers of the Donald McKayle company. Even Ruth St. Denis, the 85-year-old queen of American dance, was persuaded to make a rare appearance.

Strong Spirit. Performances, as things turned out, were as varied in quality as they were in style, and though some of the troupes were crippled by the hyperkinetic choreography that can make a dance an awkward, literal joke, others brought to the park performances as good as anything in the coat-and-tie winter seasons. The dancers suffered some difficulties—hot afternoon rehearsals in the sun, damp boards to dance on at night, and a 40-by-50-ft. stage that was a shade too small for the prodigious leaps of a dancer like Villella. But all were eager to return. What inspired them, they agreed, was that the audience was everybody and anybody who cared enough to come early for his seat. With the Manhattan skyline as a backdrop and the winds of the park ruffling a dancer's hair, the spirit of their art seemed never stronger.

DAVID GAHR



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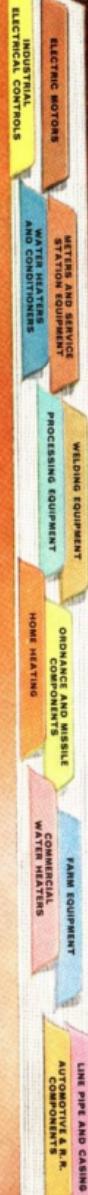
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SCIENCE

GENETICS

Life Sum-Up

It seemed as if the world's geneticists were determined to demonstrate that their youthful science has grown as fast as *Drosophila melanogaster*, the precocious fruit fly that breeds a new generation every two weeks. There were 1,693 geneticists on hand at The Hague for the Eleventh International Congress of Genetics last week, along with 500

plete understanding of life's basic chemical processes. But for all the activity that was reported at the Hague congress, there has been no important breakthrough. Progress reports were filled with the promise of discoveries yet to come. A sampling:

► Dr. Ruth Sager of Columbia reported significant success in experiments with the long-known but little-understood genes that are not included in the chromosomes that carry most of the elements of a cell's heredity. When reproductive cells mate and divide, the nonchromosomal genes are portioned out by rules that seem to differ from the Mendelian laws governing the chromosome genes. Until now it has been assumed that the female descendants of a mating transmit all the nonchromosomal genes, but Dr. Sager thinks that male descendants occasionally transmit a few. Further experiments may link nonchromosomal genes with the inherited characteristics of many species.

► Dr. Wolfgang Beerman of West Germany's Max Planck Institute showed pictures of ropy, wormlike chromosomes with strange swellings, and reported on the delicate experiments with which he proved that the swellings are associated with active genes. Geneticists agree that active genes produce RNA (ribonucleic acid) and that RNA produces proteins. Dr. Beerman satisfied himself as to the meaning of the swellings he had photographed through his electron microscope, by finding RNA and protein where theory predicted they should be—right around the lumps on the chromosomes.

► Dr. William L. Russell of Oak Ridge

had some unhappy news for the atomage world. He presented impressive evidence that a dose of radiation stretched over a long period produces more mutation in mammals than the same dose concentrated in a short period. Since

nearly all mutations are harmful to unborn generations, this finding makes even moderate amounts of long-lived radioactive fallout seem like a serious threat to man's future.

Band Wagon Effects. As he summed up the massive growth reported at the congress, Dr. Curt Stern of the University of California singled out molecular genetics as the most important new specialty in the science. "Life processes have been broken down to very simple basic reactions," said Dr. Stern. "Now we know what a gene is: namely, DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid), and we know what DNA is. The four substances that make it up are arranged in different combinations like a book written with just four letters."

The four-letter genetic code that carries the information that tells a fertilized cell to develop into a man or a pine tree is now the subject of avid research all over the world. In spite of optimistic announcements, the code has

not yet been broken, and no great progress toward breaking it was reported at The Hague.

So intriguing is the research that Dr. Theodosius Dobzhansky of the Rockefeller institute was moved to warn that molecular genetics may be getting too popular. "It is both inevitable and good that the achievements of molecular genetics have gotten so much attention, but it is less good that a bandwagon effect has made some say that molecular work is all there is or should be to genetics."

Dr. Dobzhansky predicted that many new discoveries will soon be made about man's evolution. He does not accept the gloomy doctrine that the human species is headed for degradation because natural selection no longer operates in human society, or that human evolution stopped when civilization appeared. "Both are untrue," he said. "Natural selection is at work when a defective child dies or when a dwarfed man fails to find a mate. A high mortality rate is not necessary for natural selection to operate. The great danger to man is not the suppression of natural selection but what is called the population explosion. Man must regulate his behavior for the benefit of future generations. If he will not take measures to avoid the coming population crisis, he hardly needs to bother about genetics."

ENTOMOLOGY

Deadly Larva, Deadly Snails

*Four and twenty tailors went to kill
a snail
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all
e'en now.*

—Old Nursery Rhyme

The sluggish snail has turned out to be far more deadly than the anonymous poet knew. For years, scientists have been busier than the old song's tailors, trying to kill certain species that carry human and animal diseases, notably the microscopic parasite that causes schistosomiasis, an ancient and virtually in-



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curable ailment common in many warm countries. Though a selective chemical capable of destroying the guilty snails is under development and shows high promise (TIME, July 5), Cornell Entomologist Clifford O. Berg thinks that a more practical approach would be to encourage the snail's natural enemies.

Most promising of the snail hunters is one of the world's messiest killers, a blind, translucent larva that is the aquatic young of a sciomyzid marsh fly. No species is more than three-quarters of an inch long, but they tear into the snails that are their natural prey with fierce abandon, ripping their flesh to ribbons with sharp mouth hooks.

Tundra Killer. Berg discovered the sciomyzid's taste for snails quite by accident. While doing research in Alaska on mosquito control, he occasionally dipped sciomyzid larvae from tundra pools. One afternoon he happened to put a single larva into a dish along with five snails. Half an hour later, he had a chilling surprise: "I saw the larva with its head thrust into the opening of a snail shell, its mouth hooks working. When I came back the next morning, the larva had pulled out, but half the soft parts of the snail were gone."

Berg searched scientific literature for earlier reports of such attacks, but apparently no other entomologist had recognized sciomyzid larvae as snail killers. Working with small grants from the National Institutes of Health and later the National Science Foundation, Berg and a handful of graduate students set out to make their own confirmation.

"So far," he says, "we have reared 105 species, and every one we have found is either a snail killer or a slug killer." Some of the larvae will kill only one particular species of snail; others eagerly attack almost any snail up to 19 times their own weight. Many sciomyzids are death for two of the three types of snails that carry schistosomiasis. The third snail host, prevalent in Formosa and the Philippines, has a limestone trap door inside its shell that mangles the attacking larva.

No Taste for Babies. Though there are no immediate plans to use the sciomyzids in large-scale attacks on snail populations, Berg did send five dozen larvae by air mail to Hawaii. There they are being bred to combat a snail-borne liver-fluke disease that has been plaguing the Hawaiian cattle industry.

But what will happen once the job is done? There is always some danger that an insect introduced to kill a pest may attack friendly insects or even humans. Berg does not believe that the marsh fly—either in its hungry larval stage or as a weak-winged grey or brown adult—poses any threat at all. Unlike the disease-spreading housefly, the sciomyzid avoids human company: its larva is hooked on snails to the exclusion of other food supplies. Says Berg: "Anything which is so highly specialized is not going to change its eating habits and start attacking babies."

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By Quentin Reynolds

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And the Bantron way is so easy and pleasant! Bantron does not affect your taste, is not habit forming, and acts as a substitute for the nicotine in your system, and curbs your desire for tobacco.

Taken as directed, Bantron is perfectly safe. Just take 3 Bantron tablets a day, after meals, for four days. Then only 2 a day until all desire to smoke leaves you. 80% are "Free" in 5 to 10 days. Now at drug stores without prescription. Also available in Canada.

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Questions, quotes and surprises punctuate the story of the news each week. Find out what they mean in **TIME**

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch - Relieves Pain

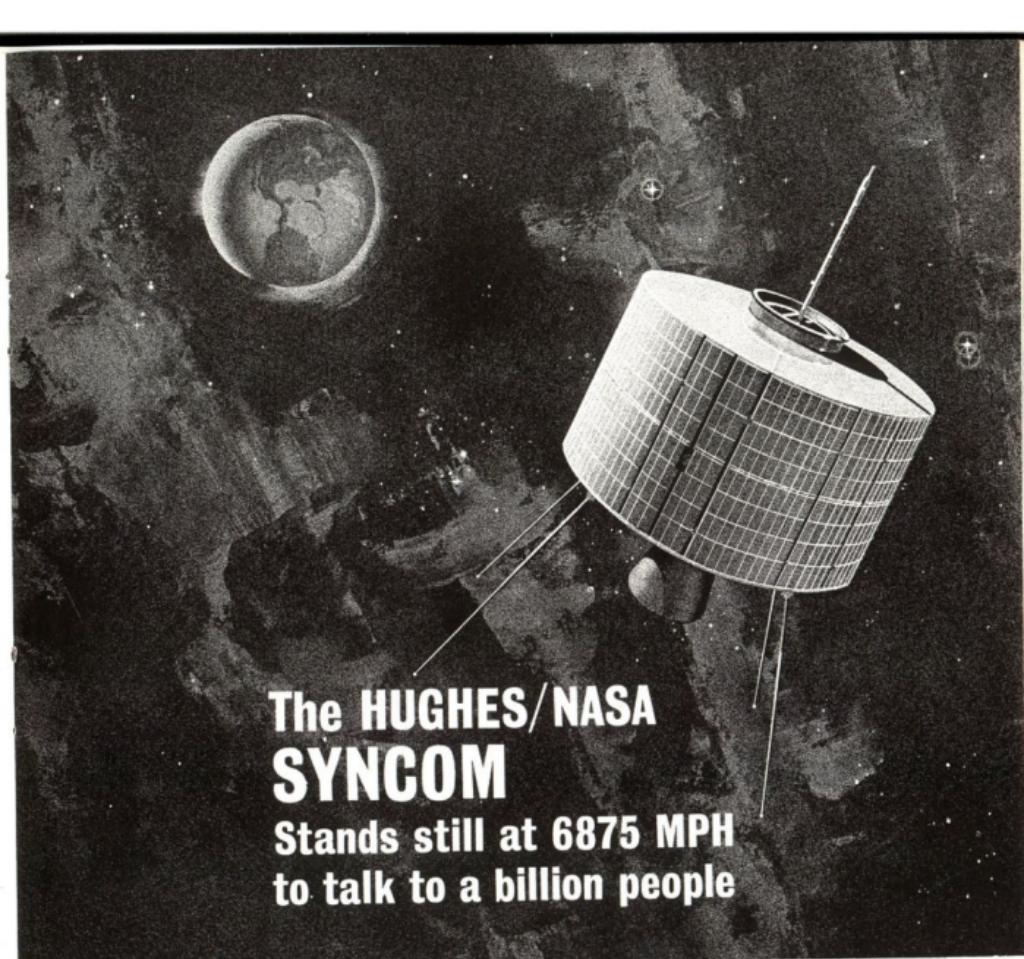
For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In one *test* case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bis-Diethyl) — discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository or ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.



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Syncom is an entirely new kind of communications satellite. It is the first synchronous satellite — the first to "stand still" in space.

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Further, since Syncom remains in a controlled position, it can be used 24 hours a day for uninterrupted communications to this entire area.

In fact, in Syncom's first month of operation, it logged more operating time than all other communications satellites had up to that time.

Little wonder NASA has called Syncom a major breakthrough in the peaceful use of outer space.

Hughes Aircraft Company, under contract to NASA, is proud to have conceived, designed and built Syncom.



◀ Syncom differs from other satellites in that it is precisely controlled in a high-altitude orbit. Here it can be permanently "parked," while other types of satellites are in random, low-altitude orbits.

Future Syncom system in development at Hughes requires just three operating satellites to extend telephone, telegraph, TV and wire photo service to all the populated areas of the world. ▶



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HUGHES

HUGHES AIRCRAFT COMPANY

THE PRESS

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS

The View from Saigon

For all the light it shed, the news that U.S. newspaper readers got from Saigon might just as well have been printed in Vietnamese. Was the war being won or lost? Was the Buddhist uprising religiously inspired or Communist-inspired? Would the government fall? Only last month, the New York Times threw up its hands helplessly and, beneath an editorial apology, printed two widely divergent accounts of events: one presented the picture as viewed from Washington, the other as viewed from Saigon.

Uncertainty out of Washington is not exactly news, but one of the more cu-

stories to report: an extraordinary kind of war, and an extraordinary kind of government, in which the figure of the President is shadowed by his brother, who wields strong police power, and by his tiny sister-in-law—who holds no office at all. At the battlefield, both U.S. military observers and the Vietnamese brass blandly tell the newsmen stories that blatantly contradict evidence obvious to the journalists' eyes. In Saigon, the ruling family is reserved, aloof, openly hostile; it does not trust the Western correspondents—and does not trouble to hide its feelings.

Caravelle Camaraderie. Such uncommon pressures unite the newsmen to an uncommon degree. They work hard and go their separate ways on separate

MAYNARD FRANK WOLFE



BUDDHIST PRESS CONFERENCE IN SAIGON
Compounding the confusion.

rious aspects of the South Viet Nam story is that the press corps on the scene is helping to compound the very confusion that it should be untangling for its readers at home.

Much of its failure can be traced to its solidarity. Foreign correspondents, wherever they are stationed, are tempted to band together into an unofficial club; they are their own closest connection with home. When they have finished covering a story, when they have examined it from every angle, they find it pleasant to relax in each other's company. In Saigon, however, more than mere sociability brings the U.S. correspondents together.

Allof & Hostile. The country is completely alien to their experience. It lies in the middle of nowhere: 8,000 miles from the U.S., part of a uvular peninsula jutting into the South China Sea. Everywhere they turn, the U.S. correspondents find obstacles standing in the way of dispassionate reporting. None of them speak the language with any fluency—and their Vietnamese contacts seldom speak English. When possible, they resort to the country's second language—French.

In all the land, there are only two

assignments. But when they meet and unwind—in the field, in their homes or in the camaraderie of the Hotel Caravelle's eighth-floor bar—they pool their convictions, information, misinformation and grievances. But the balm of such companionship has not been conducive to independent thought. The reporters have tended to reach unanimous agreement on almost everything they have seen. But such agreement is suspect because it is so obviously bred. The newsmen have themselves become a part of South Viet Nam's confusion; they have covered a complex situation from only one angle, as if their own conclusions offered all the necessary illumination.

Such reporting is prone to distortions. The complicated greys of a complicated country fade into oversimplified blacks and whites. To Saigon's Western press corps, President Ngo Dinh Diem is stubborn and stupid, dominated by his brother and sister-in-law. As a result, the correspondents have taken sides against all three; they seldom miss a chance to overemphasize the ruling family's Roman Catholicism. The press corps' attitude automatically assigns justice and sympathy to the side of the

Buddhists, who are well aware of their favored position. Before the first *bonze* set fire to himself, the leaders of the Buddhist uprising tipped off a Western reporter in advance. When a young Buddhist girl tried to chop off her hand in protest against government repressions, there were reports that the Buddhists delayed her trip to a hospital for 40 minutes until the last photographer had his pictures.

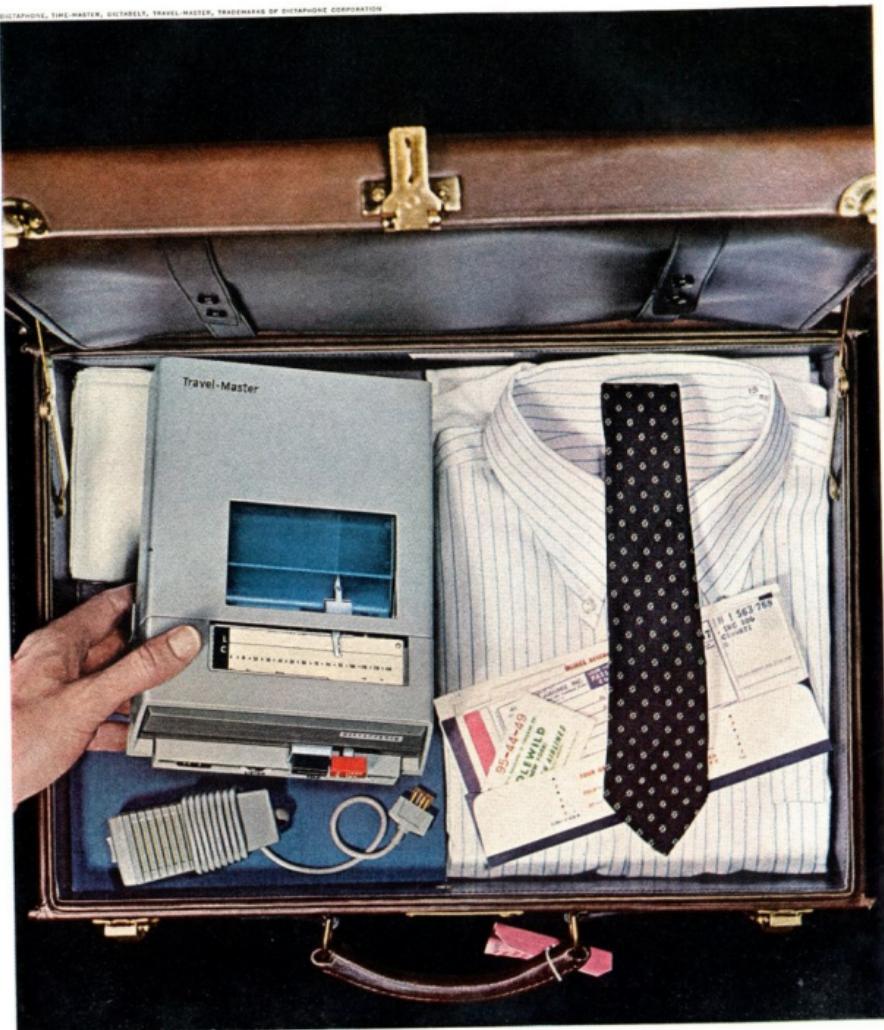
The Saigon-based press corps is so confident of its own convictions that any other version of the Viet Nam story is quickly dismissed as the fancy of a bemused observer. Many of the correspondents seem reluctant to give splash treatment to anything that smacks of military victory in the ugly war against the Communists, since this would take the sheen off the theory that the infection of the Buddhist troubles in Saigon is demoralizing the government troops, and weakens the argument that defeat is inevitable so long as Diem is in power. When there is a defeat, the color is rich and flowing; trend stories are quickly cranked up. Last week, after one battle, A.P. gave credit to government troops for "the most significant victory over the Reds in months" then went on to say: "But the success was tempered by renewed civilian opposition to the regime of President Ngo Dinh Diem," proceeding for nine paragraphs to talk about student demonstrations in Saigon.

A few weeks ago, a correspondent flew out from the U.S. to Saigon for a firsthand look and, ignoring the assessments of resident newsmen, reached independent conclusions. Club members were furious. The Buddhist rebellion, said the newcomer, was directed by monks who were also consummate politicians, who were less interested in redressing religious injustices than in overthrowing the Diem regime. This interpretation was greeted in the Caravelle bar by still-simmering indignation. It was the analysis of an outsider and therefore patently wrong.

COLUMNISTS

Buchwald's Washington

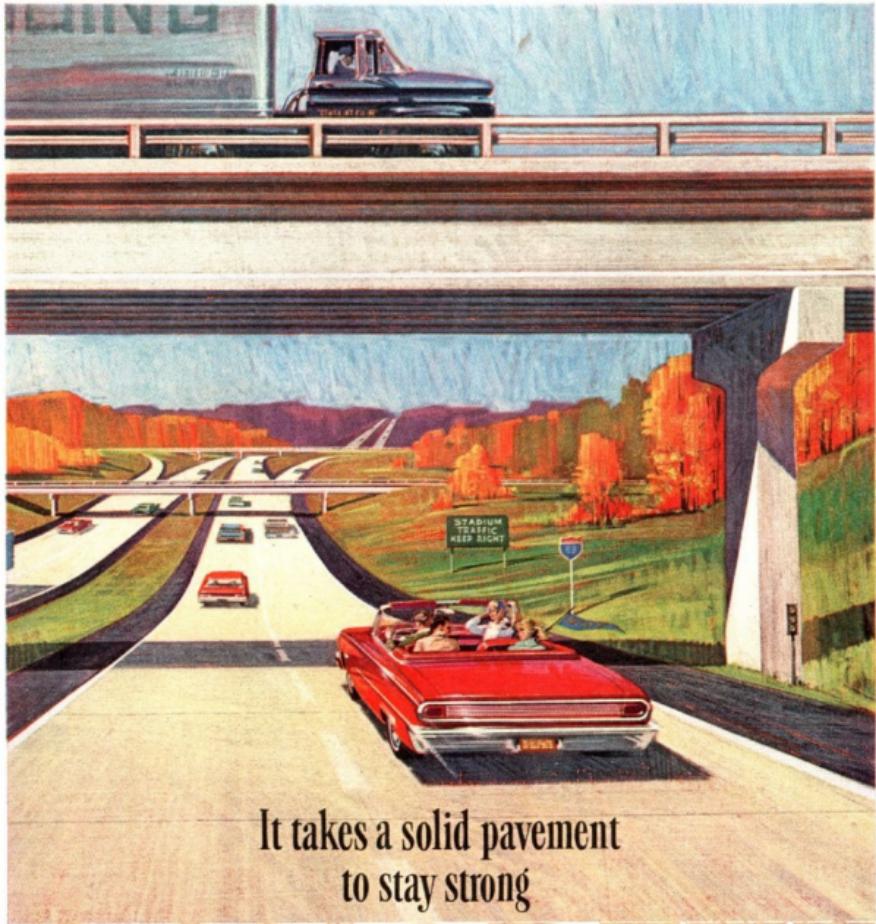
Washington's newest apolitical columnist pondered the presidential election year of 1964. As usual, he found an angle that every one else, even David Lawrence, seemed to have missed. "There has been a great deal of speculation as to who will be the Republican candidate for President," wrote Art Buchwald for the New York Herald Tribune and 180 other papers. "But no one has given any thought as to who will be the Democratic candidate. The way we see it, the race is wide open. As convention time grows near, worried Democratic leaders are trying to come up with a candidate who is young, has experience, is known to the American public, and can appeal to the independent voter. The big question is, can the Democrats develop anybody in time?" In such imaginative analyses, Art



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Use it anywhere. This uniquely portable dictating machine won't even crowd your attaché case. It carries its own power supply, works for hours on nickel-cadmium batteries that can be recharged overnight. The Dictaphone Travel-Master records on the Dictabelt record, the "sound you can see." Take it on trips or use it at home. The Travel-Master is wonderfully easy to use.

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Portland Cement Association
An organization to improve and
extend the uses of concrete

Buchwald has more than justified the Tribune's decision to bring him back from Paris, where he played journalistic jester for 14 years (TIME, June 22, 1962). At the time, there were those who doubted that Buchwald would feel comfortable in the presence of such sober-sides as Joe Alsop and Walter Lippmann or find anything funny about Washington. But the fears proved groundless. Buchwald simply invented his own Washington.

We Were Chicken. When the book *Fail-Safe* excited fears about accidental war, Buchwald worried about accidental peace. He imagined a scene that would have spelled the end of the cold war: "Five Russian divisions are demobilized, an atomic testing station in the Urals is destroyed, and 40 new Soviet Submarines are flooded and sunk. The Americans pick up this information, and they immediately sink 14 of their own missile cruisers, slash the tires on every SAC bomber. . . . The President closes down the Pentagon, furloughs the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and fires the U.S. Marine Corps Band. Both sides are eyeball to eyeball, headed hellbent towards a peaceful showdown, and nobody blinks."

After all the uproar over the Cuban crisis, Buchwald added his own classification to Washington's newly manufactured categories of Hawks and Doves: "A dove was someone who was for a blockade of Cuba. A hawk was someone who favored bombing the Russian missile bases. We might as well confess right now, we weren't a Dove or a Hawk—we were Chicken."

"Who Else?" Buchwald bemoaned the growing shortage of Communists in the U.S., and he sympathized with party members whose ranks have been heavily infiltrated by FBI agents: "It isn't too farfetched to assume that in a couple of years the entire Communist Party will be made up of FBI informants"—who pay their dues, in contrast to regular party members, who do not. "In no time at all," concluded Buchwald, "the Communists could become the leading political party in the country." He suggested his candidate for President: "J. Edgar Hoover, of course. Who else?"

The joke was lost on the FBI director, but Buchwald had never been known to worry about the sensitivity of his subjects. One day he dreamed up an interview with a Presidential Special Representative and asked this functionary how he got his job. "It's not easy," replied the P.S.R. "First you make a few speeches criticizing Administration foreign policy. Then you write a few articles for magazines telling how it is to work for President Kennedy, and then you release a story to the press that you're going to be fired. The President is then obligated to find a job for you." To Chester Bowles, the only Special Presidential Representative around, and a man whose recent career nicely fits Buchwald's fanciful version, this was hitting too close to home. Bowles barked back, but Buchwald defended his col-

umn on the ground of ignorance: he didn't know that Bowles was the only one of his kind. Bowles had since been appointed ambassador to India.

"I'm a Pushover." In his new role as political humorist, Art Buchwald takes pains to stay aloof from official Washington. "I feel a pundit like me shouldn't see people," says Buchwald, who has yet to meet the President—or want to. "It only confuses me. When you talk to Senators and Congressmen, you get the impression they are working, and you know it isn't true. And people have a tendency to win you over with flattery. I'm a pushover. I figure a guy who likes my column can't be all bad."

Plenty of guys are not all bad. Three U.S. Congressmen have read samples of



ART BUCHWALD
How would he know Bowles is unique?

his work into the *Congressional Record*; President Kennedy, who threw the Herald Tribune out of the White House,⁶ went right on reading Buchwald in the Washington Post. In his one year in Washington, Buchwald has added 75 newspapers to his syndication and doubled his income, to \$80,000 a year. By a considerable margin, that makes Art Buchwald the most successful humorous columnist in the U.S.

NEWSPAPERS

The South's New Voice

"It appears, as this goes to press," said the Montgomery, Ala., *Advertiser*, "that Governor Wallace has dispatched state troopers to Mobile and Huntsville to usurp local power by force. If this becomes the fact, the *Advertiser* must

⁶ The paper has been smuggled back in—goes to several White House aides and is available to Kennedy if he wants it.

sorrowfully conclude that, in this instance, its friend has gone wild." As the week wore on and the *Advertiser's* fears became fact, the paper reached its inevitable conclusion: "It is very hard, be certain, for the *Advertiser* to say it, but the fact is that Governor Wallace made a monkey of himself."

These were strong words from a paper that only last June looked upon Alabama's Wallace as a hero. But by last week, with the *Advertiser's* defection, it should have been painfully clear to George Wallace that he had few if any local press champions left.

From the more moderate Southern papers, many of which had objected to Wallace's tactics last June, the new wave of censure was predictably severe. "George Wallace," editorialized the Knoxville *News-Sentinel*, "continues to bring disgrace on his office and his state. One would think that Wallace had learned his lesson since his low-comedy performance of 'standing in the door.'"

Said the *Montgomery Herald*: "He seems up against a force even he can't lick—the people of Alabama." The *Houston Press* called him "the principal menace to peace and order in Alabama."

The *Anniston, Ala. Star*, which had bridled last year at the violence with which the city met the first Freedom Riders, convicted Wallace of "reckless asininity." But even normally sympathetic papers found the Governor more than they could stomach. "George Wallace is not 'saving Alabama,'" said the *Birmingham News*, a militantly segregationist daily. "He is in the process of destroying self-government and the educational system of this state."

Defending Alabama's Wallace, in fact, was something that only the *Charleston News & Courier* seemed anxious to do. The true villains, that paper said, were the Alabama officials who were "trying to integrate the public schools under court order despite the efforts of Governor George Wallace to close them rather than mix." For the *News & Courier*, which boasts an editorial policy based on the argument that Lincoln never really meant to emancipate the slaves, even that comment was remarkably restrained.

Pressies

Jaded by Tom Swifties and elephant jokes, two reporters from the *Detroit Free Press* began improvising on an ancient and familiar journalistic theme. "How do you do," said one, "I'm Brown, from the Sun." Replied his colleague: "I'm Trotter, from the *Globe*." By last week newspapers all over the U.S. were busy adding new "pressies" to an already interminable list. Samples: "I'm Rich, from the *Advertiser*." "Sign, of the Times." "Cash, from the *Register*." "Jefferson, of the *Constitution*." "Flat, from the *Press*." "Weary, of the *World*." "Feather, from the *Eagle*." "Twinkle, from the *Star*." "Left, at the *Post*." "Glass, of the *Mirror*." "Kane, of the *Citizen*."

SPORT

BASEBALL

The Gashouse Revisited

The only issue in the American League was when the New York Yankees would clinch their 28th pennant. Last week they made it official, and by virtue of a 14-game lead, the end came earlier than in any season since 1941. Hardly an eyelid flickered. But, ah, the National League. There it was, all balled up in that perennially fascinating last-minute scramble for the pennant.

As usual, the Los Angeles Dodgers were ahead and fighting for their lives. But this year there were few signs of the panic-stricken collapse that cost them the pennant in 1962. Since Labor Day, the Dodgers have been playing .715 baseball. The excitement came from the St. Louis Cardinals, who last won a pennant in 1946, and in recent years have been a pale shadow of the great Gashouse Gang of the '30s. The experts picked Manager Johnny Keane's Cards for fifth place. But now, ready for a fateful three-game series with the Dodgers this week, they were only a few steps behind and playing impossible baseball—winners of 17 of their last 18 games.

Veteran Curt Simmons, 34, suddenly found himself pitching three shutouts in three starts. Ernie Broglio, bothered by a recurring tendon inflammation, was strong enough to rack up his 16th victory. Shortstop Dick Groat, 32, fortified with Novocain for a painful ribcage injury, is baseball's best batter at .329.

The enduring miracle is Stan Musial, who at 42 is at last about to retire. His .257 batting average this year is well below his .333 lifetime mark. But last week in eleven trips to the plate, he belted a homer, a double and five singles, added a sacrifice fly and drove in five runs. Better still, the homer came after he sat up all night awaiting the birth of his first grandchild.



MANAGER KEANE & MUSIAL
Cigars from Grandpa.



NICKLAUS & PALMER
Potatoes for Ohio Fats.

GOLF

Hold That Trap

Like big-time athletes everywhere, professional golfers give and take a lot of good-natured ribbing. To fellow players, Jack Nicklaus is endearingly known as "Ohio Fats" and "The Great Blobbo." Last week at Akron's Firestone Country Club, the ribbing got out of hand and into headlines, and nearly ruined the \$75,000 World Series of Golf.

Chatting with reporters before the match, Nicklaus allowed as how Arnold Palmer did not really rate a place in the four-man competition that is for winners of the P.G.A. and Masters (Nicklaus), the U.S. Open (Julius Boros), and the British Open (Bob Charles). "Arnie shouldn't be here," joked Nicklaus. "After all, he was an also-ran." He kicked Arnie's chair, and everyone laughed self-consciously. But next morning the headlines screamed: JACK LABELS ARNIE AN "ALSO-RAN."

With the foursome on the first tee, Arnie's army got the drift and cheered him itself hoarse as Palmer, gulping cortisone pills to ease the pain of a bursitis attack in his right shoulder, one-putted six of the first nine holes. For Nicklaus there was open hostility: he ignored it for 17 holes, and then his approach to the 18th green bounced through a sand trap. "Hold! Hold!" shouted the crowd; a loud groan went up when the ball flipped safely past.

It took Palmer to calm everyone down. On the first tee next morning, he wrapped the unhappy Nicklaus in a bear hug. "Hi there, ole buddy!" grinned Palmer, and the two marched down the fairway arm in arm. Able to concentrate again, Nicklaus regained his steady brilliance, was able to open a two-stroke lead by the end of the first nine. Palmer managed to pull even on the twelfth hole, but then on the 13th he punched a two iron smack into a tree and wound up with a double bogey that ended all chances.

For the second year in a row, Jack Nicklaus pocketed golf's richest prize: a check for \$50,000. "This," said Ohio Fats contentedly, "will buy a lot of potatoes."

FOOTBALL

Gold for the Golden Boy

The wages of sin may be small, but there are always exceptions to prove the rule. When he was suspended indefinitely from the National Football League last spring for betting on his own games, the Green Bay Packers' Golden Boy Paul Hornung automatically lost his fat \$25,000 salary. So what happened to the tarnished hero? While his mates knock heads on the field this fall, Hornung will be riding high on the banquet circuit, raking in money from endorsements and jamming radio and TV programs. Barring an upset stomach or laryngitis, he should make more than \$40,000 this year—only a slight come-down from last year's \$50,000 total.

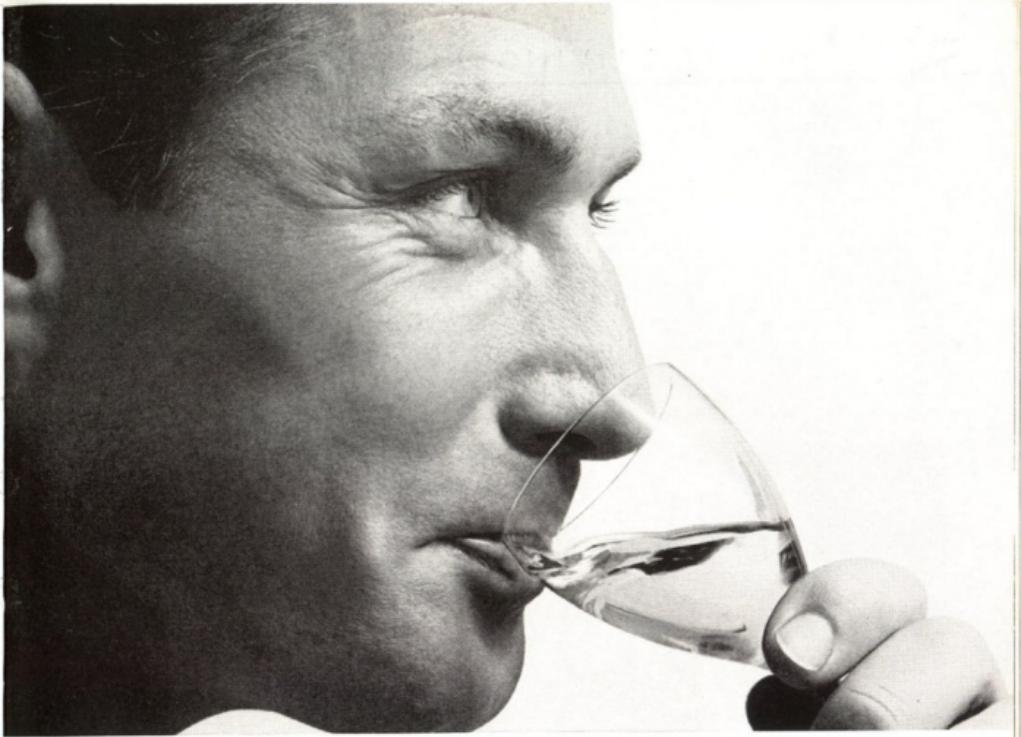
If anything, public worship of the handsome halfback is more fervent in disgrace than in glory. When Hornung was introduced during a recent Packers-New York Giant exhibition game in Green Bay, 42,327 forgiving fans stood up and cheered themselves hoarse. When Hornung turned up at a St. Petersburg, Fla., high school, the principal dismissed classes for a special assembly (Hornung's advice to the youngsters: "Don't bet"). The morning mail "is running maybe 99% in my favor," he blushes.

In fact, reinstatement (which Hornung will ask next year) could become a financial burden. Last year, what with football and all, he had time for only 19 banquets; this season he is already booked for 28—at \$600 a speech, \$100 more than last year's fee.

Back home in Louisville, Ky., Hornung was taping a series of 130 five-minute radio interviews and sports commentary that will be broadcast by 22 stations in four states; he has also started a 13-week series of pro football talks for a Louisville TV station. And last week he began another radio stint as commentator on local high school games. But will Expert Hornung try to predict winners? "Oh, absolutely not," he groans. "You know, I did that once."



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MODERN LIVING

CUSTOMS

The Business of Dying

The American funeral director—that dispenser of authoritative and soothing advice—has suddenly found himself shouted at, reproached and deplored in a clamor that has shattered the hush of the nation's funeral parlors and made many an undertaker sweat uneasily beneath his decent black suit.

In what seems a sudden concerted attack, Americans all over the country are rebelling against the high cost of dying. Funerals, it seems, just do not mean as much to most people as undertakers would like them to.

Pre-need Competition. The big funeral once beloved by first-generation Americans is growing rarer. "It's a

ting competition from cemeteries, which are sending out high-pressure door-to-door salesmen to sell plots on a "pre-need" basis. Cemeteries are also selling their own vaults (outer casings to protect the coffin), and in California they are even supplying their own funeral chapels and mortuaries for "one-stop" funerals.

The Corpse in the Parlor. With funerals growing smaller, the undertakers have done what any good businessman would do—made up for it somewhere else. The result has been the slumber room and its attendant abuses.

Before the development of intravenous embalming in mid-19th century (probably by Thomas H. Holmes, who made \$400,000 embalming Civil War dead), the dead man laid out in the

giant feat of merchandising. She has deadly fun with such astonishing specialists as the Practical Burial Footwear Company of Columbus, Ohio, which offer Fit-a-Fit oxfords (in patent, calf, tan or oxblood) and Ko-Zee, with its "soft, cushioned soles and warm, luxurious slippers" comfort, but true shoe smartness." Courtesy Products has a "new Bra-form, Post Mortem Form Restoration . . . they accomplish so much for so little (\$11 for a package of 50)," and at a recent convention of the National Funeral Directors' Association, Florence Gowns Inc. of Cleveland showed a line of "hostess gowns and brunch coats" for loved ones.

Caskets are now "styled" with an eye to customer appeal. Very strong now in casket styles, Miss Mitford writes, is the patriotic theme represented by "the Valley Forge," once advertised in color in an undertaker's trade journal with some Early American cupboards and a portrait of George Washington. For "the *bon vivant* who dreams of rubbing shoulders with the international smart set, the gay dog who would risk all on a turn of the card, there is the Monaco" with "Sea Mist Polish Finish, interior richly lined in 600 Aqua Supreme Cheney velvet, magnificently quilted and shirred, with matching jumbo bolster and coverlet."

Finnegan's Wake. Relations between the quick and the dead have been conditioned by a variety of practical factors. The custom of sitting up with the deceased before burial—the wake—derived partly from the difficulty of determining whether a person was really dead. Metal coffins coincided with the rise of medical study in the late 18th century, when body-snatching was a profitable business. And those who had been great in life—kings, popes, heroes and commanders—have long been laid "in state" for public homage.

But for more common folk, the viewing of the often ravaged body was only a melancholy and intimate gesture of farewell, conducted in the privacy of parlor or bedroom. Today, thanks to the embalmer's art, the availability of insurance money, and the undertaker's emotional blackmail, it is too often a kind of public spectacle.

Undertakers defend the beautifying and display of the dead as providing "grief therapy" for the bereaved, so that they are left with a Beautiful Memory Picture. But in countries where embalming is not customary (and contrary to popular belief, it is not legally required in the U.S.), those left behind do not seem to be noticeably worse off.

Under a Pall. Though 90% of U.S. funerals are conducted with open coffins, the clergy are generally opposed. "If they had their way," says Stated Clerk Eugene Carson Blake of the United Presbyterian Church, "I think that most ministers would discourage the open casket during funeral services." Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike points out that while a dead body



ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN STATE



MITFORD IN MORTUARY

All the comforts of tomb.

thing I can't explain," says Lloyd C. Henwood, vice president and general manager of San Francisco's prestigious Halsted & Co., for which he has been "selling funerals," as they say in the trade, for 30 years. "But I do know that this generation seems to want things done more simply. It's probably the most significant trend since the 1930s, when people stopped hanging crepe on their doors, and funeral services were moved from the family living room to the mortuary chapel."

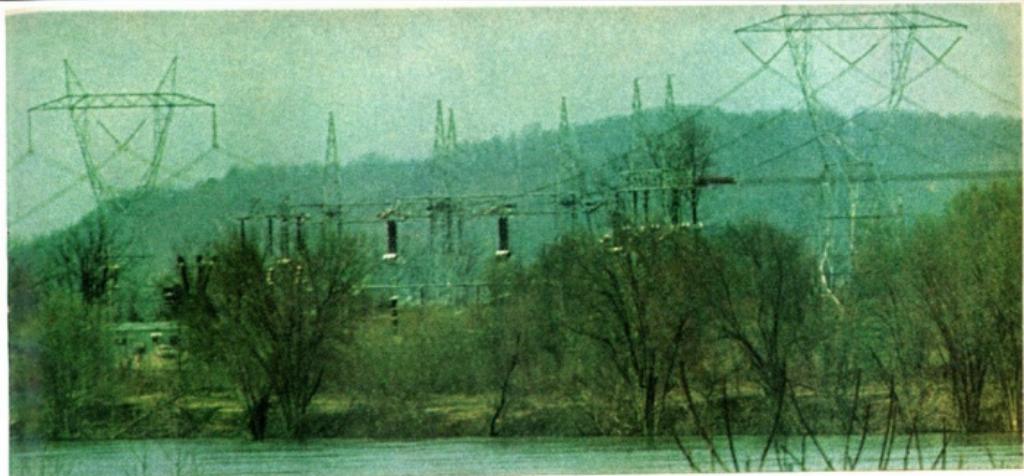
A Philadelphia undertaker says: "You don't see so many people taking off from work to go to a friend's funeral, or companies closing when one of the officers dies, so that all the employees can turn out for the service." "I don't know whether the younger generation doesn't care, or what it is," says Houston Burial Insurance Salesman Victor Landig. "A few years ago when a schoolteacher died, the whole school turned out, but now the only people who attend are those his own age."

What's more, the burial business, like most other businesses, is plagued by rising costs. Undertakers are also get-

ting parlor was a corpse, and there was no doubt about it. But embalming made it possible to mitigate many of the grimmer aspects of death. The resulting display of the deceased has become the focus of a range of gimmickry and hard-selling that has raised the average bill from \$350 in 1935 to about \$1,400 (including plot) today, and brought on a storm of criticism.

Recently published have been two full-length, full-strength books excoriating the merchants of death-warming-over: *The High Cost of Dying*, by California Professor Ruth Mulvey Harmer (Crowell-Collier Press; \$3.95), and *The American Way of Death*, by British-born Author Jessica Mitford (Simon & Schuster; \$4.95). Both of them tend to tear down the mortician's carefully nurtured image as a compassionate, reverent family-friend-in-need and substitute an equally distorted picture of a hypocritical racketeer in black.

The Memory Picture. Author Mitford's basic argument is that the cult of the prettied-up corpse, put on display in a ghoulish, make-believe sleep, is neither reverent nor religious, but a



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generating and transmission equipment.
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should be treated with respect. Christian doctrine teaches that it is no longer the person, who "in life to come receives a new, appropriate means of expression and relationship."

Bishop Pike, like most Episcopal clergymen, insists that the coffin be closed during the church service and covered with a pall, which makes the most elaborate bronze and silver casket look the same as a plain pine box. Though Roman Catholics and Orthodox and Conservative Jews forbid cremation, many Protestant clergymen prefer it for its lack of ostentation (minimum cremation price is about \$100); nevertheless, the national percentage of cremations to burials has stayed at less than 4% for the past ten years.

Pike recommends that the family's pastor accompany them to the funeral parlor to help them resist whatever pressures may be brought toward overspending.

Not surprisingly, the unscrupulous undertaker views such clerical counsel with considerable alarm. Miss Mitford quotes some frank advice on the subject from the pages of *Mortuary Management*: "We tell the family to go ahead and look over the caskets in the display room, and that the minister, if he has come with them, will join them later. We tell the minister that we have something we would like to talk to him about privately, and we've found that if we have some questions to ask him, he seems to be flattered that his advice is being sought, and we can keep him in the private office until the family has actually made its selection."

Plain Wood Coffins. Under such skillful manipulation, how many grief-stricken families have the maverick fortitude to select a plain wood coffin and demand that the undertaker dispense with embalming? The answer for a growing number of them is the memorial or funeral society, which contracts with undertakers to provide members with dignified burials costing about \$150. Both Authors Harmer and Mitford (whose attorney husband, Robert Treuhaft, helped organize one in San Francisco) provide a list of such societies; there are 90 in the U.S., with a membership of 35,000. The undertaking business tends to dismiss them as aggregations of "do-gooders and left-wingers," who are trying to wipe out beauty, sentiment and religion.

"We only give people what they want," say the undertakers, and it is a point well taken. Fortified with the deceased's insurance money and sadly out of touch with the spiritual traditions of the past, many Americans search for comfort in the face of death by conspiring with the technicians and gimmick merchants to pretend that it hasn't really happened. This is their right. But it is wrong that anyone who wants to buy a plain wood coffin—no matter what kind of car he drives—should feel that it is disrespectful of the dead. —



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RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Clear It with the Vatican

"Even today the spirit of the Inquisition and unfreedom has not died out," said the Rev. Hans Küng, dean of the Roman Catholic theological faculty at Germany's Tübingen University, in a lecture on "The Church and Freedom" that he delivered across the U.S. last spring. Such polemics, directed at conservative Italians in the Roman Curia, drew big, interested crowds—3,000 at Boston College, 5,000 in Chicago, 6,000 in San Francisco. The Jesuit-run St. Louis University gave Küng an honorary doctorate of laws, hailing him as "a man of vision."

Many clerics firmly believe that youthful Theologian Küng's criticisms deni-

Why Staffa has little liking for Küng's ideas is easy to see. In his new collection of essays and papers called *The Council in Action* (Sheed & Ward; \$4.50), Küng pleads for such reforms as internationalization of the Roman Curia, reduction of its power, greater authority for regional councils of bishops. He speaks of "reactionary doctrinaire tendencies" in certain council fathers, and dismisses the agenda items drawn up for the council by the Curia-dominated preparatory commission as "ill-prepared, partisan schemata."

Not one of these views is heretical, although some Catholics feel that Küng shows excessive zeal in pointing out the defects of the church. Küng is still listed as one of the council's theological experts, but there are rumors of an in-

they are out of keeping with the renewal of the church urged by Pope John. In the Jesuit weekly *America*, Father Robert Graham makes a strong case for a new "civil rights" policy that would include a drastic overhaul of Holy Office procedures. A number of bishops—reportedly including New York's Francis Cardinal Spellman—have protested the instruction by the Congregation of Seminaries, and Pizzardo has advised papal nuncios and apostolic delegates not to circulate the decree.

The existence of the order suggests that any considerable change in the methods of the Holy See will have to be carried out by the council. Like John XXIII before him, Paul VI seems to have discovered that elevation to the most powerful spiritual office on earth does not automatically give him control of Rome's vast bureaucracy. "It has been written of my predecessor that he once said, 'I'm in a bag here,'" the Pope told a friend recently. "Well, I'm not in a bag. I'm inside a crusher."

ORTHODOXY

Still Deaf to Rome

Pope Paul VI seems just as eager as John XXIII to establish good relations between Roman Catholicism and Orthodox Christianity. In July he sent personal representatives to the Golden Jubilee of Moscow's Patriarch Alexei. Last month he proposed that Orthodoxy join with Rome in amicably settling their doctrinal differences, the most notable of which is Orthodoxy's rejection of papal infallibility. But so far, the Pope has failed to convince the East.

Admitting that "we are all a little deaf and dumb," Paul said: "Let us explain the points of doctrine that are still the object of controversy. We do not wish either to absorb or to humiliate all this great flowering of the Oriental churches, but yes, we do desire that this flowering be grafted onto the one tree of the one church of Christ."

The Pope's speech clearly invited the Orthodox prelates to send observers to the second session of the Vatican Council, which begins Sept. 29. But Orthodoxy remains a little deaf, even though one of the observers from the World Council of Churches is Greek Orthodox, and the Patriarchate of Moscow will probably send two delegates to the second session, as it did to the first. Three weeks ago, Athenagoras I, the Ecumenical Patriarch of Constantinople and first among equals of the Orthodox prelates, invited the other Eastern churches to meet at Rhodes on Sept. 19 to reconsider the question of Vatican observers. But last week Archbishop Chrysostomos of Greece flatly rejected Paul's appeal, calling the Roman church "centralist and absolutist." Were the decision left up to him alone, Athenagoras might be quite willing to send a delegate. Yet for the sake of Orthodox unity, he will not send an observer unless all other Eastern churches do so.

RELIGIOUS NEWS



STAFFA



KÜNG



PIZZARDO

Brains are the way to the grace of martyrdom.

grate some venerable, valuable institutions of the church, and for them that doctorate was the last straw. On May 25, while Pope John XXIII was dying, Rome's Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities issued an instruction that would require Catholic universities to get clearance from Rome before awarding honorary degrees. The author of the decree is believed to be Archbishop Dino Staffa, who is the chief assistant to Giuseppe Cardinal Pizzardo, the congregation's conservative prefect.

Speaking of Stupidities. Explaining the instruction last week, Staffa argued that Catholic universities have recently been giving out too many honorary degrees, often to men who are "not worthy of merit." Asked if Küng, who is a *peritus* (theological expert) of the Vatican Council, fell into this category, the archbishop replied that "there are many *periti* of the council who speak stupidities." As far as Küng is concerned, "if we give honorary doctorates to him, it would seem that we approve his ideas." Staffa claimed that the instruction is still under study by the congregation, but many schools have received it (and a few have scornfully pigeonholed it).

struction pending in Rome that might restrict his freedom to publish or give public speeches. If so, Küng would join a long list of distinguished Catholic thinkers who have been silenced, at least temporarily, by Curia officials.

The great Jesuit paleontologist Pierre Teilhard de Chardin was forbidden to publish his nontechnical works during his lifetime. In recent years, three of France's finest theologians—Jesuit Henri de Lubac and Dominicans Yves Congar and M. D. Chenu—have been temporarily relieved from teaching posts and forced to submit their writings to the Holy Office for special censorship. Last year Austrian Jesuit Karl Rahner was required to submit all future writings to his superior in Rome for clearance, a restriction since lifted; Father John Courtney Murray of the U.S. was advised not to write any more on his special field of study, church-state relations. "In the Catholic Church of the 20th century," a U.S. priest dryly explains, "the grace of martyrdom has been given to the intellectual."

At Odds with Renewal. Such direct measures may have been acceptable in other ages, but many Catholics believe



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DUNN INTERNATIONAL, WITH GOLUB'S "COLOSSAL HEADS" (CENTER) & DALI'S EARLIKE "DALI" (RIGHT)
"Astonished, staggered, horrified, interested, excited, amused and maybe pleased."

The Lively Answer

Who are the hundred leading artists in the world today? That is a good journalistic question, and Canadian-born Lord Beaverbrook, 84, Britain's most opinionated publisher, believes that a good journalistic question deserves an answer. Last week the Beaver's answer went on view at his modern little Beaverbrook Art Gallery in Fredericton, N.B.

To organize the show, Beaverbrook assigned John Richardson, 39, art critic of his London Evening Standard. Richardson drew up a list of 200 artists, then whittled it down to 102 in consultations with such authorities as Sir Kenneth Clark, former director of London's National Gallery, and Alfred Barr of Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art. The show is called the Dunn International after the present Lady Beaverbrook's first husband, Canadian Steelmaker Sir James Dunn.

Gloss of Water. Lord Beaverbrook, plagued with ailments, stayed home on the Riviera, but chances are that as a man whose favorite painting is a Gainsborough, he would have recoiled from most of the choices. Although such top representational painters as Edward Hopper and Andrew Wyeth sent comfortably realistic scenes to settle the eye, there was plenty else to make it boggle, from Barnett Newman's eccentric, hard-edge stripes in his *Black Fire* to Robert Rauschenberg's *Trophy II*, a pop art combine in four pieces equipped with a real glass of water on a shelf with a spoon kerplunk in it. The only true portraits, surprisingly, are Abstract Expressionist Willem de Kooning's *Marilyn Monroe* and Pop Artist James Rosenquist's *Portrait of the Scull Family*. Little-known names among the 102 were Australia's Brett Whiteley and a young Indian named Mohan Samant.

The omissions, of course, were as controversial as the selections. Mark Rothko and Clyfford Still exercised their customary refusal to be in group shows; Francis Bacon is currently miffed at Beaverbrook for selling two of his paintings, and he stayed out. The judges inexplicably omitted Hans Hofmann even as Manhattan's Museum of Mod-

ern Art opened a huge admiring retrospective of his work.

All at Sea. The Dunn Foundation provided six equal prizes of \$5,000 each. A few artists, such as Picasso and De Kooning, were by their own request *hors concours*. After that, the judges—British Art Expert Douglas Cooper, Andrew Ritchie, director of the Yale University Art Gallery, and Peter Wilson, chairman of Sotheby's, the London art auctioneers—did their heroic, committee-like best. One prize went to the immaculate realist Alex Colville, like Beaverbrook a native of New Brunswick, partly because—as one judge put it—"we all felt one Canadian ought to be chosen as a matter of courtesy."

Best known among the other winners were Sam Francis, who lofts petals of color on huge expanses of canvas, and Ivan Albright, painter of meticulous magic-realistic works. Kenzo Okada won with his serenely pale abstract, *Posteriority*, which blends European and Oriental idioms. Least appealing of the prize-winners were Ennio Morlotti's garishly colored, gouged abstract called *Cactus* and Paolo Vallorzi's standing nude, a throwback to the Art Students League life class.

In Fredericton (pop. 20,000), people were, said Organizer Richardson, "astonished, staggered, horrified, interested, excited, amused and maybe pleased." After a month the exhibition will move to London's Tate Gallery. Even in a big art center it should prove instructive. Picasso's nude and a bleak industrial landscape by British Primitive Laurence Stephen are separated not by a gulf, but by the vast sea that present-day artists venture upon. Beaverbrook's hundred provide a lively answer to an impossible question.

Stone Crazy

One sunny day in 1945, a young kamikaze pilot named Masayuki Nagare was taking time off from war. As he strolled down the runway at the Japanese naval airbase on Kyushu, he idly picked up a stone. With the age-old Japanese reverence for the texture and shape of stone, he felt it in his hand and found an overwhelming sense of tranquility, an "odd composure" at a time

when squadron after squadron of his buddies, with ceremonial samurai swords stowed in the cockpits of their Zeroes, roared off on one-way missions to Okinawa. From then on, he always carried a stone with him. Stones have led him to a charmed life: World War II ended before his name came up for a suicide sortie, and now, at the age of 40, Nagare is Japan's foremost sculptor (see opposite page).

Within the lifetime that he nearly did not have, Nagare has become a cult. A robust, prolific artist, he is a perfect idol, with the handsomely chiseled features of a Kabuki actor. He is a loner who despises the city's chatter and works in an isolated village called Aji, 360 miles from Tokyo. But there is not a trace about him of the dainty refinement long associated with Japanese art. "Think of what the ancient Egyptians did or even the Romans," says the maker of monuments, regretting the current shrunken scale of sculpture.

Nosedive. A Kyoto banker's son, Nagare was so brash from the beginning that his father packed him off to a Zen temple to meditate. While there, Nagare was entranced by an aging master swordsmith, who ritually tempered keen blades for samurai swords, as good for beholding as for beheading. For four years, Nagare took classes at night in order to devote days as an apprentice to the old swordsmith, learning lessons about the taut contours and precision polish that eventually cropped up in his sculpture.

After the war, for almost seven years Nagare roamed the Japanese countryside aimlessly, haunted by his dead kamikaze comrades. Then he snapped out of it and put his hand to shaping stone, at first with small success.

By the Ton. Five years ago, the wife of the late architect Eero Saarinen bought one of Nagare's works. Soon foreign admirers—Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III, Architects Philip Johnson, Marcel Breuer and Minoru Yamasaki—boosted him until he had more buyers in the U.S. than in Japan. When he finally caught on in his native land, he became the rage so rapidly that he had to hide from acclaim. When Yamasaki asked how to reach him, Nagare replied, "You

JAPAN'S MASAYUKI NAGARE: SAMURAI OF SCULPTURE



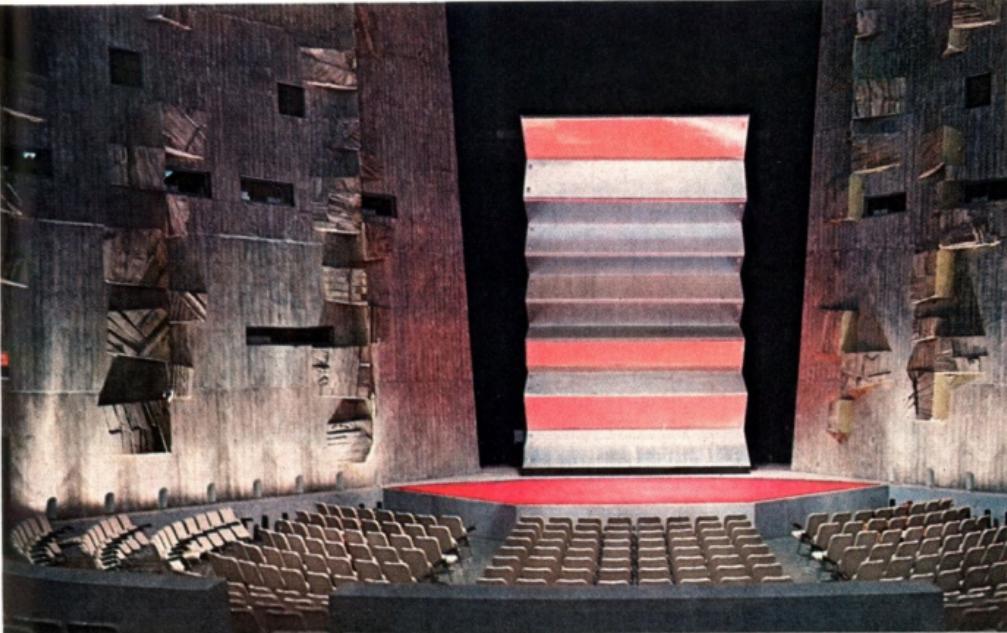
"CELESTIAL GATEWAY" is a multiple metaphor, transcendental and earthy.

WOODEN LANTERNS, in Tokyo's Palace Hotel, transform familiar Japanese household objects into sculptural art.

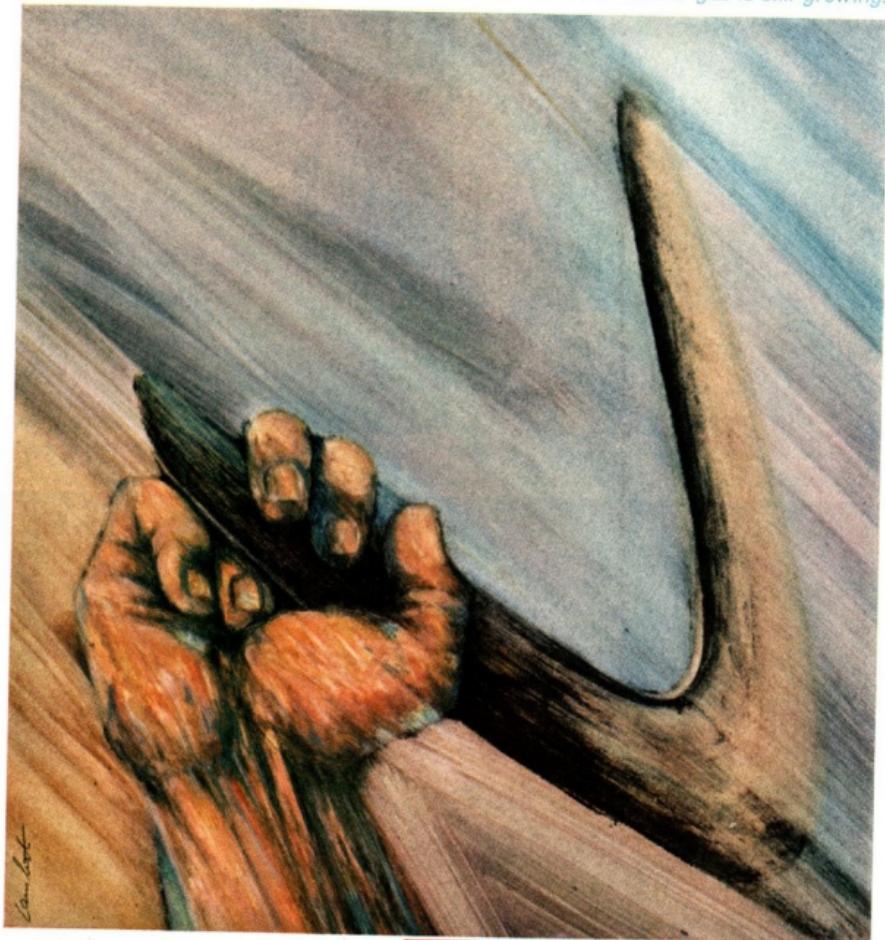


SCULPTED RAMPARTS FLANK SOARING SOUND REFLECTOR IN TOKYO'S FESTIVAL HALL.

YOSHIO WATANABE



BOOMERANG: Thoughts, words, actions are boomerangs . . . Think, speak, act with spirit and perseverance. Radiate confidence, capability, enthusiasm. For surely as the boomerang returns, what we send out comes back to us. With interest. ■ *Vision pays dividends, too. 18 years ago we built the first natural gas pipeline from the Gulf Coast to the East. Today, that 1265-mile line has grown to a 13,000-mile network serving utilities supplying homes and industries in 24 states. And demand for natural gas is still growing.*



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NAGARE & WIFE
A link with nature.

can't. I move from farmhouse to farmhouse out in the country to run away from Japanese architects who want me to do sculpture for their buildings."

Nonetheless, he does it—by the ton. This summer alone, he polished off 14 new bronze and stone sculptures for his first one-man show in the U.S., opening at Manhattan's Staempfli Gallery in November. With a team of masons, he completed 1,100 sq. yds. of sculptured stones weighing 600 tons, to serve as walls for the Japanese pavilion at next year's New York World's Fair. Next week, with his wife Mutsuko, he flies to the U.S. to assemble this weighty work. He calls it *Stone Crazy*.

Please Touch. "Stones must register the mind of nature more than anything else," says Nagare, and through them he enters into a dialogue with nature: "We Orientals seem more apt at it than Westerners." At his exhibitions, he posts signs reading **PLEASE TOUCH**. "I'm afraid the sensuous joys of touch have been far too long confined to boudoirs," says he. So he polishes his sculpture mirror-smooth with grindstones, sometimes for months on end.

Though one of the Nagare trademarks is a smooth finish, he leaves a link with nature in his sculpture. His technique is called *ware hada*, or broken texture, whereby some surfaces retain the original texture of the raw rock as it broke naturally in the mountains. When he cannot obtain it, he drills holes, fills them with water, and puts the stones outdoors in freezing weather to split by themselves. This textural contrast is vital to Nagare: "You have to have male and female. Like anything else under the sun, you have to have light and shadow, movement and stillness, or even violence and peace."

In his need for peace, Nagare hopes during his U.S. trip to find a site in California overlooking the Pacific to build a memorial in stone to U.S. and Japanese aviators. "Far too many of us died in the war," he often observes. "I often feel I have to work even harder for the sake of carrying the work load they would have carried if alive today."

Rockwell Report

by W. F. Rockwell, Jr.

President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



to correct or eliminate these abuses.

It's no secret that thousands upon thousands of *non-celebrities* have been collecting unemployment benefits unnecessarily or unjustifiably every year.

As one news story put it recently, "...it is perfectly legal. Unemployment compensation is not relief, but insurance, *paid for by employer contributions*, and anybody who is out of work involuntarily is entitled to it whether he needs the money or not."

The ones who stand to lose are not only the employer, but also those for whom unemployment compensation aid was originally designed. Unemployment funds are being rapidly depleted or exhausted all over the country. Other than increasing taxes (and this is being done in some cases), the only alternatives are either to reduce compensation payments to all individuals or to raise the insurance rates to employers.

It is difficult enough for an employer to meet all the obligations he faces in the business world today, without being encumbered by the parasitical drain of unnecessary or unjust claims that only serve to raise his insurance rates. *Most employers believe in this social legislation. Obviously, however, something must be done. Either existing laws must be administered with greater discretion, or the laws themselves should be re-written to reflect more accurately the original intent of unemployment compensation.*

* * *

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CINEMA

A Religion of Film

(See Cover)

It wasn't the sort of place people usually see a movie in. No boorish Moorish architecture, no chewing gum under the seats. Instead, the hall was a deep blue nave, immensely high and still, looped gracefully with golden galleries. And the images on the screen were not the sort one sees at the average alhambra. No Tammy, no Debbie, no winning of the West. Instead, a bear roamed and roared in Mexican mansion and a regiment of French actors fought the American Civil War and a samurai disemboweled himself right there in front of everybody.

The first New York Film Festival, now at Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall, must confess its infancy compared to Cannes and to Venice, which had its first film festival in 1932. But by its taste and high excitement, by the quality of its films and the intelligence of its

sellout crowds, it may well mark for Americans a redefinition of what movies are and who it is that sees them. For in the decade since Hollywood came unstuck and television became the reigning medium of mass entertainment, the movies have suddenly and powerfully emerged as a new and brilliant international art, indeed as perhaps the central and characteristic art of the age.

All the World's... The new status of cinema has largely been achieved by movies from abroad, by an array of vigorous and original creators who live and work in every quarter of the globe. At the heart of the new movement is a hardy little band of inspired pioneers: Japan's Akira Kurosawa (*Rashomon*); Sweden's Ingmar Bergman (*Wild Strawberries*); France's Alain Resnais (*Hiroshima, Mon Amour*) and François Truffaut (*The 400 Blows*); Italy's Federico Fellini (*La Dolce Vita*), Michelangelo Antonioni (*L'Avventura*) and Luchino Visconti (*Rocco and His Brothers*); England's Tony Richardson (*Look Back in Anger*); Poland's Andrzej Wajda (*Kanal*) and Roman Polanski (*Two Men and a Wardrobe*); Argentina's Leopoldo Torre Nilsson (*Sommerskin*); India's Satyajit Ray (*Pather Panchali*).

Their imitators are legion. All over the world—in Canada, Greece, Brazil, Japan, Israel, Hungary and both Germanys, even in Moscow and immoderately in Manhattan—cinemania has descended upon the rising generation. Young men at all hours of the day and night stalk through the streets clutching fleaweight cameras and proclaiming prophetically a new religion of cinema. Its creed has been passionately enunciated by Director Truffaut.

"It is necessary," he once cried, "to film another thing in another spirit. It is necessary to abandon these expensive, disorderly, insalubrious studios. The sun costs less than a battery of lights. A borrowed camera, some cheap film, a friend's apartment, friends to play the parts, and above all the faith, the rage of the cinema—the rage to storm the barricade, to use this way of expression

—the way of the future, the art of the future. A revolution of intentions is beginning. No longer do we trust in the old labels, the established themes. To express ourselves! To be free, free of prejudice, free of the old cult of technique, free of everything, to be madly ambitious and madly sincere!"

...A Sound Stage. In France, where the movement is called the New Wave, 60 young directors made their first full-length films in less than two years (1959-60). In Poland, 22 films both long and short are now in production. In Brazil, nine new directors have made their film debuts in the last two years, and two dozen more will do the same in the next twelve months. The rage and the revolution are rising everywhere, and everywhere the new movements are really one movement, a new international cinema in which all the world's a sound stage and the screen emblazons a microcosm of mankind.

With startling speed, the new international cinema has created a new international audience. It is a young audience; exhibitors in a dozen countries report that eight out of ten foreign-film buffs are under 30. It is a vehement audience; it applauds what it likes and hisses what it doesn't. It is an expert audience; the new generation of moviegoers believes that an educated man must be cinematique as well as literate. And it is a mass audience; financially, the new cinema is a going concern.

Not that foreign films have seriously challenged the commercial hegemony of American movies, which still capture two out of every three dollars the world spends on cinema. But in the last ten years they have doubled their take in the international market (*La Dolce Vita* alone grossed \$10 million), and in the U.S., where in 1953 they grossed \$5,200,000, they have in recent years grossed as much as \$69,000,000.

Public support and their own technical economies have given a great measure of artistic independence to the men of the new cinema. More and more they have been able to say what they want to say and not what some banker thinks the public wants to be told. The results have not always been happy. The new men, in particular the very young



BUNUEL: "THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL"



POLANSKI: "KNIFE IN THE WATER"

For the present generation, an educated man must be cinematique as well as literate.



WALTER DARA: "THE FIANCÉS"



KUROSAWA: CLOSEUPS FROM "RASHOMON"
From the land of rubber chrysanthemums, a thunderbolt to herald a new era.

new men, have turned out miles of absolutely asinine acetate, and whovites thos subtilse ought to be shio. Nevertheless, with stunning consistency, with the fire and *élan* of spirits snatched out of themselves and whirled away in the tremendous whirlwind of the spirit of the age they have wrung out of their hearts remarkable efforts of film. They have evolved through the last decade a vast pageant of heroic drama and gentle eclogue, of delectable gaiety and dispirited lust, of mordant wit, glittering intellect, grey despair, apocalyptic spectacle and somber religious depth. They have held the camera up to life and shown humanity a true and terrifying and yet somehow heartbreakingly beautiful image of itself. They have created a golden age of cinema.

Strong words? Perhaps. But consider the carat of the films displayed at the first New York Film Festival. The program was restricted to new pictures never before seen in the U.S., but the festival's director found a score of excellent shorts and half a dozen top-chop features. Among them:

► *The Exterminating Angel*, one of the strongest of Buñuel's many strong films, relates a harrowing parable of salvation and damnation in which the grand old anarchist pours all the vials of his wrath upon the idle rich and the mother church and in the process disports a religious imagination seldom paralleled in its demonian ferocity since the visions of Hieronymus Bosch.

► *In the Midst of Life*, the first full-length film by a 32-year-old Frenchman named Robert Enrico, is an adaptation of three stories by Ambrose Bierce, all treating of the U.S. Civil War. Though the picture was made in France with a French cast, the American atmosphere of the period is exquisitely interfused. The story is told in a sure and subtle flow of images, and Jean Boffley's photography makes a grave and lovely homage to Mathew Brady.

► *Knife in the Water* is a Polish thriller as sharp as a knife and as smooth as water. Director Roman Polanski, 30, puts two lusty men and one busty woman aboard a small sailboat, throws them a knife, and for the next 90 minutes lets the tension build, build, build (see cover picture).

► *Hallelujah the Hills*, the work of America's Adolfas Mekas, is a gloriously

funny and far-out farce about two great big overgrown boy scouts who pratfall in love with the same girl.

► *The Fiancés*, the second movie made by a 32-year-old Italian named Ermanno Olmi, will probably become a cinema classic. Director Olmi tells an almost too simple story of how absence makes two hearts grow fonder, but he tells it with total mastery of his means.

► *The Servant* plays morbid variations on the theme of *Othello*. Directed in Britain by Joseph Losey, an American who lives and works in Europe, the film tells how a sinister servant destroys his master by playing to his weakness for women—and for men.

Shadow of the Bomb. The historians of the new cinema, searching out its origins, go back to another festival, the one at Venice in 1951. That year the least promising item on the menu was a Japanese picture called *Rashomon*. Japanese pictures, as all film experts knew, were just a bunch of rubber chrysanthemums. So the judges sat down yawning. They got up dazed. *Rashomon* was a cinematic thunderbolt that violently ripped open the dark heart of man to prove that the truth was not in it. In technique the picture was traumatically original; in spirit it was big, strong, male. It was obviously the work of a genius, and that genius was Akira Kurosawa, the earliest herald of the new era in cinema.

Trained as a painter, Kurosawa got interested in the movies because they seemed to him unnecessarily stupid. *Rashomon* was his tenth picture, and since *Rashomon* he has produced a relentless succession of masterpieces. *Seven Samurai* (1954), considered by many the best action movie ever made, is a military idyl with a social moral: the meek shall inherit the earth—when they learn to fight for their rights. *Ikiru* (1952), Kurosawa's greatest work, describes the tragedy and transfiguration of a hopelessly ordinary man, a grubby little bookkeeper who does not dare to live until he learns he is going to die. *Yojimbo* (1962), conceived as a parody of the usual Hollywood western, mixes blood and belly laughs in a ferocious satire on the manners, morale and politics of the 20th century. *I Live in Fear* (1955), an eerie and comminatory meditation on the life of man in the shadow of the Bomb, was shown

last week as a special treat for festival fans but it may never be shown commercially in the U.S.—the exhibitors think it's too hot to handle.

Kurosawa in the raw is not everybody's meat. Not since Sergei Eisenstein has a moviemaker set loose such a bedlam of elemental energies. He works with three cameras at once, makes telling use of telescopic lenses that drill deep into a scene, suck up all the action in sight and then spew it violently into the viewer's face. But Kurosawa is far more than a master of movement. He is an ironist who knows how to pity. He is a moralist with a sense of humor. He is a realist who curses the darkness—and then lights a blowtorch.

Death of the Heart. Kurosawa made moviegoers sit up and take notice, and the next thing they noticed was Ingmar Bergman. As a man he didn't look like much—just a gangling, green-eyed, snaggle-toothed son of a Swedish parson. But as an artist he was something unprecedented in cinema: a metaphysical poet whose pictures are chapters in a continuing allegory of the progress of his own soul in its tortured and solitary search for the meaning of life, for the experience of God. In his early films (*Illicit Interlude*, *Naked Night*), Bergman struggles to free himself from the fascination of the mother, the incestuous longing for innocence, safety, death. In the dazzling comedies of his second period (*A Lesson in Love*, *Smiles of a Summer Night*), he fights the inevitable war between men and women. In *The Seventh Seal*, he plunges straight down into the abyss of God and wanders there among the gnarled and leering roots of living religion. In his recent films (*The Virgin Spring*, *Through a Glass Darkly*, *Winter Light*), God is present again and again but always in dreadful or ambiguous wise: as a spring of water, as a giant spider, as a silence. Never as love, never in the heart's core.

And so the search goes on. It is conducted with intelligence and irony, with a beauty that endlessly inveigles the eye, with a sense of form that is subtle but perhaps more theatrical than cinematic, with a gift of intuition so intense it sometimes seems insane. But Bergman is not a sick man; he is a sick genius. His sickness is the sickness of the times: the death of the heart, the

separation from the source. His genius is the genius to say what all men suffer.

Bergman hit Paris like a wild north wind. In 1957, when a cycle of his films was first shown at *La Cinémathèque Française*, the main film library in Paris, hundreds of *cinéphiles* stood in line night after night for three nights to get seats. "We were absolutely overthrown," says Director Truffaut. "Here was a man who had done all we dreamed of doing. He had written films as a novelist writes books. Instead of a pen he had used a camera. He was an author of cinema."

The Wave Hits. Stimulated by Bergman and encouraged by a charming American feature, *The Little Fugitive*, that had cost only \$100,000, Truffaut got a loan from his father-in-law and one fine day in 1958 got cracking on a film called *The 400 Blows*. About the same time Claude Chabrol, who worked with Truffaut as a reviewer for *Cahiers du Cinéma*, blew his wife's inheritance on a picture called *Le Beau Serge*. Meanwhile Marcel Camus, an assistant to some top French directors, popped off to Brazil to make a film in color called *Black Orpheus*. And Alain Resnais, an obscure documentarist, button-

holed some businessmen for money and flew off to Japan to shoot a picture called *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*.

Suddenly all the films arrived in Paris. Suddenly the press and the public were buzzing about them. Suddenly they carried off the top prizes at Cannes. Suddenly there was a New Wave.

Four years and several shoals later, the New Wave is still rolling strong. It has thrown up a dozen films of first quality and new actors of international note (Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean-Pierre Cassel). It has also produced two dozen talented young directors. Philippe de Broca has created two of the funniest films (*The Love Game, The Five-Day Lover*) made in France since René Clair was clicking. Jean-Luc Godard has done an astonishing cubistic melodrama (*Breathless*). Pierre Etaix, Louis Malle, Roger Vadim, Henri Colpi, and Agnes Varda have all done exciting work. But the world fame of the new French cinema derives largely from the labors of two men.

Cold One, Warm One. Alain Resnais, 41, the more famous of the two, is the supreme theorist and technician, the Schoenberg of the new cinema. *Hiroshima* startled the critics with its me-

PICKLUSI



MASTROIANNI & EKBERG IN FELLINI'S "DOLCE VITA"



PRELUDE TO RAPE IN BERGMAN'S "VIRGIN SPRING"
Apocalyptic spectacle and somber religious depth.



SEYRIG IN RESNAIS' "MARIENBAD"
Delectable gaiety and dispirited lust.

thodic modulations and harmonic structures. *Last Year at Marienbad* made *Hiroshima* look like casual noodling. In it four kinds of time, five points of view and innumerable frames of symbolic reference were assembled in an infinitely intricate structure that seemed more like a puzzle than a picture, that might more suitably have been fed to an electronic computer than shown to a human being. And when the puzzle at last was solved, what did it signify? Everything—and nothing.

Resnais, in short, has the skill to say whatever he wants to say on the screen. Unhappily he has nothing, or almost nothing, to say. As an artist he lacks humanity, lacks blood. He is out of this world, a man of air. Nevertheless, his work is important. He has shattered the public image of what a film is. He has freed all film creators to remodel the cinema nearer to their art's desire.

François Truffaut, 31, perhaps the most richly talented of the new French directors, is as warm as Resnais is cold. His films are about real people with real feelings: a boy who runs away from home, a husband whose wife runs away with his best friend. His films are heavy because real life is heavy, but at the same time they are gay and somehow lucky. They are natural things, and like natural things they are full of false starts and irrelevant twists. But they grow and go on growing in the mind long after the film says *fin*. Truffaut goes on growing too. *Shoot the Piano Player* is much more skillful than *The 400 Blows*, and *Jules and Jim* in its bittersweet worldly wisdom makes the other two seem like child's play.

Cinema Breasters. Meanwhile, the cinema in Italy had suddenly taken a new lease on life. After the sudden death of postwar neorealism (*Open City, The Bicycle Thief*)—stabbed in the back by politicians persuaded that seamy movies were hurting the tourist trade—the Italians produced almost nothing but mythological monstrosities and what are known in the trade as "breasters." Only the great Vittorio De Sica achieved a faint infrequent toot (*The Roof*) on the clarion of reform. But around the turn of the decade Pietro Germi, who later made a wickedly wacky comedy called *Divorce—Italian*

Style, came into view. And about the same time three major Italian talents rose vigorously to their full height.

Luchino Visconti, 56, is an Italian nobleman—Count of Modrone and a direct descendant of Charlemagne's father-in-law—whose friends say he "votes left and lives right." By the same token, his movies look left but are made right. In *Rocco and His Brothers* (1960), a bruising revival of neorealism, he followed a family of peasants as they moved from the country to the city and saw them grated away like cheese in the big mindless mechanism of Milan. In *The Leopard* (1963), adapted from Giuseppe di Lampedusa's touching elegy for feudalism, he summons from the grave a way of life and the valiant dust of a proud but kindly man who lived that life and leaves the vivid air signed with his honor.

Visconti's films are sometimes laborious and doctrinaire, but they have the solidity and urgency of living bodies. At times they seem to lack direction, but actually they are borne on a slow, irrefutable current doomward. On the tiny raft of hope his heroes glide toward the cataract of fate.

Imagination Minus Taste. Federico Fellini, 43, is the most inventive, versatile and popular of the new Italians. In *I Vitelloni* (1953) he put together a conventional but faultless social satire. In *La Strada* (1954), a poetic comedy, he followed in Chaplin's footsteps but couldn't quite fill the little fellow's shoes. In *La Dolce Vita* (1960), the film that made him and Actor Marcello Mastroianni famous around the world, he constructed a spectacular travesty of the Apocalypse in which the prophecy is luridly fulfilled and Rome, the Great Whore of *Revelation*, wallows gorgeously through seven nights of destruction. In *8½* (1963), his most daring film to date, he aimed his camera into his own psyche and let it record his fears and fantasies, desires and despairs in a cinematic language that owes more to Joyce than it does to D. W. Griffith.

All these movies were executed with tremendous verve; Fellini is unquestionably one of the most imaginative fellows who ever had his name on a canvas chair. Unfortunately, his imagination is not controlled by taste; he panders incessantly and shamelessly to the public lech for sensations. But there is nothing petty in his pandering. He is a vulgarian in the grand manner, the Barnum of the avant-garde.

Taste Minus Variation. Michelangelo Antonioni, 49, is the temperamental antithesis of Fellini—a sensitive esthete who could hardly make an error of taste if he tried. He has done only three pictures (*L'Aventura*, *La Notte*, *Eclipse*) that really matter, but they matter a lot; any one of them would suffice to establish him as one of the finest stylists in the history of cinema. His style is slow and spacious. His scenes begin a little while before they begin and end a little while after they end.

His camera usually sits still, and his actors move like figures in a funeral procession—as indeed they are. Each of Antonioni's films is a somber and ceremonious wake for the living dead. His characters have lost all sense of the meaning of life, of the reason for being. They wander through a weary series of loveless loves, hoping vaguely that mere amorous friction will rekindle the fire of life in hearts gone cold.

The theme is a great and timely one, and Antonioni states it in grave and noble measures. The trouble is that he states it again and again and again. He seems to have nothing else to say. If that's a fact, the eclipse he envisions may very well be his own.

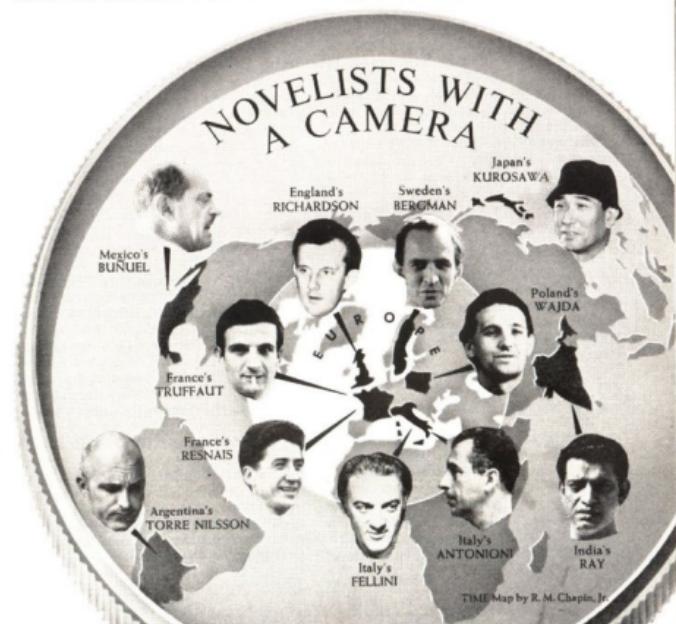
In the work of all the important new Italians, and no less in the films of the rising young Frenchmen, the attitudes toward sex have much agitated the critics. There are several attitudes, none of them new and most of them sick but all of them more serious and significant than Hollywood's. In Hollywood movies, sex is a daydream for people who are scared of the real thing. In the new French movies, sex is a sort of physiological religion, mystical experience almost as profound as well, eating. In the new Italian movies, sex is what one feels bad after, as good a way as any to get lost. In any case, people in the new European movies do not moon around like people in Hollywood movies and wonder what sex is like. If they want to do it they do it, and in some films they do it pretty often. But when they have done it they forget about it till the next time. Sex is explicit in the

new European pictures and often it is exploited. But at least it is real.

Angry Young Tony. Men like the French and Italian directors simply assume that cinema is an important art in its own right. Most British moviemakers are not so sure; British movies are traditionally regarded as subsidiary to drama and to literature. Most of the new British movies have in fact been adapted from plays and novels, and the new cinema in England has rather tamely taken its direction from the in-group in the allied arts. But since the in-group happened to be the Angry Young Men, the direction has been vehemently taken. Politically the direction has been left; geographically it has been north. Almost all the good British movies of the last five years have been films of social protest, and in general the protest has been leveled at living conditions in the industrial slums of Yorkshire.

Director Jack Clayton instituted the trend with a cruel little monograph on class warfare called *Room at the Top* (1958), but before long an angrier and younger man moved in on the movement and pretty well took it over. In rapid succession Tony Richardson directed *Look Back in Anger*, *The Entertainer*, *A Taste of Honey*, and *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*.

In cinematic terms, Richardson is not a great director—not by a long chalk. By temperament and training he is a stage director, and sometimes he is a very good one. He is clever at casting and knows how to make the most of a strong player. Under his tutelage Albert Finney, Rita Tushingham, Tom Courte-



nay and Rachel Roberts have become international cinema attractions. But moviegoers are getting a bit bugged by that same scummy old roofscape and the eternal kitchen-sinkdrome. They sometimes find it a bit hard to believe that things are really all that bad in Merry England. Yet at their best, the British protest pictures have served up great juicy chunks of local color, and they have handsomely displayed six or eight of the most talented young cinemactors in the world.

Outside the Epicenter. Britain, Italy, France: Western Europe is currently at the epicenter of the new cinema. But can the center hold? Secondary concentrations of film production are forming rapidly all over the world—some of them behind the Iron Curtain. In Poland there is a small but fiercely active cell of film fiends. Director Polanski is obviously a completely prepared professional, and Andrzej Wajda, the Polish Kurosawa, is even more accomplished. When his two tragedies of battle (*Ashes and Diamonds, Kanal*) were released in the U.S. in 1961, they startled moviegoers with their black intensity. Hungarian production has doubled in the last ten years, and in the last three years the quality of the movies that come out of Moscow (*The Cranes Are Flying, Ballad of a Soldier, My Name Is Ivan*) has steeply improved.

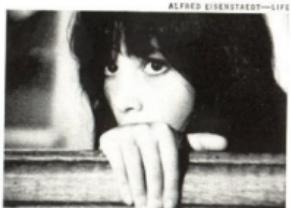
In the free world outside Europe, cinematic creation is even more gingery.

In India there is Satyajit Ray, 42, a one-time commercial artist in Calcutta who has proved himself one of cinema's greatest natural talents. In the last five years, six of Ray's films have been released in the U.S., and every one of the six swells with the fullness of life and glows with the light of the spirit. His first three pictures (*Pather Panchali, Apuritjo, The World of Apu*) made up a trilogy that speaks a thousand volumes about life in India and stands as the supreme masterpiece of the Asian cinema. The films that follow it (*Devi, Two Daughters, The Music Room*) are even more accomplished. They are beautiful to look at and musical to be with. They are quiet films, as all deep things are quiet. They are not in a hurry to happen, they take time to live. They experience life, they experience death. Nothing human is alien to them. They are works of love.

In Argentina there is Leopoldo Torre Nilsson, 39, the Bergman of the Antipodes. He is by no means a great artist, but his films (*The End of Innocence, Hand in the Trap*) are intelligent, tasteful, passionate and relentlessly true to life in Argentina. And they get better year by year.

In the U.S., when most people think of movies they still think of Hollywood. But the new American cinema is not coming out of Hollywood—it is springing up in New York. There are art houses, film libraries and terribly strange little film groups that meet at midnight in Greenwich Village garrets and show movies about nail biting and things.

ALFRED EISENSTEIN—LIFE



PERRY: "DAVID & LISA"
The whole of art in one art.

It is all wonderfully stimulating, and since the late '50s several hundred people have been running all over town trying to make independent pictures.

Quite a few have succeeded. In 1957 Morris Engel made *Weddings and Babies*. In 1959 Robert Frank shot *Pull My Daisy*, and Sidney Meyers directed *The Savage Eye*. In 1961 John Cassavetes released *Shadows*, and Shirley Clarke did a movie version of Jack Gelber's play *The Connection*. The same year Jonas Mekas fired off *Guns of the Trees*, and two years later his brother gave out with *Hallelujah*. In 1962 Herbert Danska filmed *The Gift*, and Frank Perry came in with *David and Lisa*, the best U.S. film of the year. And in 1963 Robert Drew, Greg Shuker and Ricky Leacock produced *The Chair*. Some of these films were heavily hair-raising and a few were downright funky, but most of them looked new and alive and original, and when they were shown in Europe the men of the new cinema were mightily impressed.

New Techniques. More than many others, U.S. moviemakers have taken advantage of new techniques: lightweight, hand-held cameras; directional microphones that spot the right voices in crowds; transistorized sound equipment. Such devices have been used with striking effect—particularly in the "liv-

ing camera" pictures of Drew and Leacock. This or similar equipment is now available in most major centers of moviemaking, and so are a number of extremely sensitive and rapid varieties of film that can just about see in the dark.

The men of the new cinema know these new tools and use them. As a result, the craft of film is changing rapidly and so is the art of film. The new tools have enlarged its language and enriched its spirit. They have set the camera free as a bird. They have put in its head the eyes of a cat. Anywhere a man can go a camera now can go, and anything a man can see a camera can see better. Such an instrument is sure to make the art of film more supple, more various, to put within its reach a larger share of life.

The Way Lies Open. Such an instrument indeed may do something even more important. It may free the movies from the gilded cage in which they have so long languished; it may free the creator from the grip of the financier. The new equipment is absurdly inexpensive to own and to operate. A standard motion picture camera, for instance, costs \$25,000; an Arriflex costs \$3,500. Eleven standard studio lamps cost \$2,100; eight of the new portable lamps do the same job and cost only \$566. With such reduced expenses, the new international cinema can quite comfortably be supported by the new international audience.

For the first time since Edison cranked up his Kinetograph and recorded Fred Ott's Sneeze, the way lies open to a free exploration of the full possibilities of cinema as an art. The possibilities are clearly immense. No other art can so powerfully exploit the dimensions of time and space. No other art has so many ways of involving a human being. It involves his eyes, ears, mind, heart, appetites all at once. It is drama, music, poetry, novel, painting at the same time. It is the whole of art in one art, and it demands the whole of man in every man. It seizes him and spirits him away into a dark cave; it envelops him in silence, in night. His inner eye begins to see, his secret ear begins to hear. Suddenly a vast mouth in the darkness opens and begins to utter visions. People. Cities. Rivers. Mountains. A whole world pours out of the mouth of the enraptured medium, and this world becomes the world of the man in the darkness watching.

A tremendous power, a great magic has been given to the men of the new cinema. What will they do with it? Will Resnais really be able to renovate the esthetic of cinema? Will Bergman at last kindle the fire in the heart and light his gloomy world with love? Will Ray redeem his prodigious promise and become the Shakespeare of the screen? Or will new men emerge and surpass them all? Whatever happens, the pioneers have broken through. The world is on its way to a great cinema culture. The art of the future has become the art of the present.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Lieut. Richard Stanley Musial, 23, son of the St. Louis Cardinals' 42-year-old slugger, and Sharon Edgar Musial, 19; their first child, a son, in Fort Riley, Kans. (see SPORT).

Born. To Mickey Rooney, 42, balding, bespectacled, bankrupt Hollywood cinematheque and Barbara Ann Rooney, 26, his fifth wife; their fourth child, third daughter (Mickey has three sons from previous marriages); in Santa Monica.

Married. Elizabeth Berlin, 26, youngest daughter of Composer Irving Berlin, who at 75 flew across the Atlantic to give the bride away; and Edmund Boyd Fisher, 24, son of British Ornithologist James Fisher; in London.

Died. Gail Whitney Stur, 24, daughter of Millionaire Sportsman C. V. ("Sonny") Whitney, 1956 deb-of-the-year, who splashed into headlines at 18 with a surprise engagement to 34-year-old Oil Heir Richard Cowell, cancelled it when Daddy objected only to elope with Cowell, divorced him at 20, and finally settled down at Sun Valley Lodge in Idaho as the wife of the assistant manager; of leukemia; in Manhattan.

Died. Leslie Abraham Hyam, 62, president since 1953 of Manhattan's Parke-Bernet Galleries, a London-born patrician who helped found the art auction house in 1937, taking as his fields Chinese jade, French furniture and English flower painting; of a heart attack; in Canaan, Conn.

Died. James Aloysius Walsh, 76, president (1931-52) and chairman (from 1952 until this year) of the \$110 million Armstrong Rubber Co., a company about to go out of business until Walsh and a friend bought control, pumped it up to the point where it ranks as the country's fifth biggest tire producer, though no automakers use Armstrongs as original equipment; of a heart ailment; in West Haven, Conn.

Died. Claude Moore Fuess, 78, long-time (1933-48) headmaster of Andover, the country's premier prep school, able biographer of Americans from Daniel Webster to Caleb Cushing, a razor-witted English teacher who broadened the curriculum (less Latin, more history) but preferred teaching, which he regarded as "an art, not a science"; of a heart ailment; in Brookline, Mass.

Died. William Martin ("Willie") Heston, 85, oldtime grid star at the University of Michigan, a halfback who scored 92 touchdowns from 1901 to 1904, led the unbeaten Wolverines to 42 victories, and in the days when Harvard and Yale ruled the roost, became the first non-Ivy Leaguer to make All-America; of kidney disease; in Traverse City, Mich.



When do monkeys make humans of themselves?¹



How do English companies fish for Oxford grads?²



Can Sonny Liston KO his public image?³

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(2) Alexander Kendrick's "Special from London" discovered that English companies fish for Oxford grads with trout lures. The companies rent privately-owned trout streams solely for employees, as benefits.

(3) Douglas Edwards reported that "Headliner" Sonny Liston bases his hope of new popularity on the observation that the public goes with winners.

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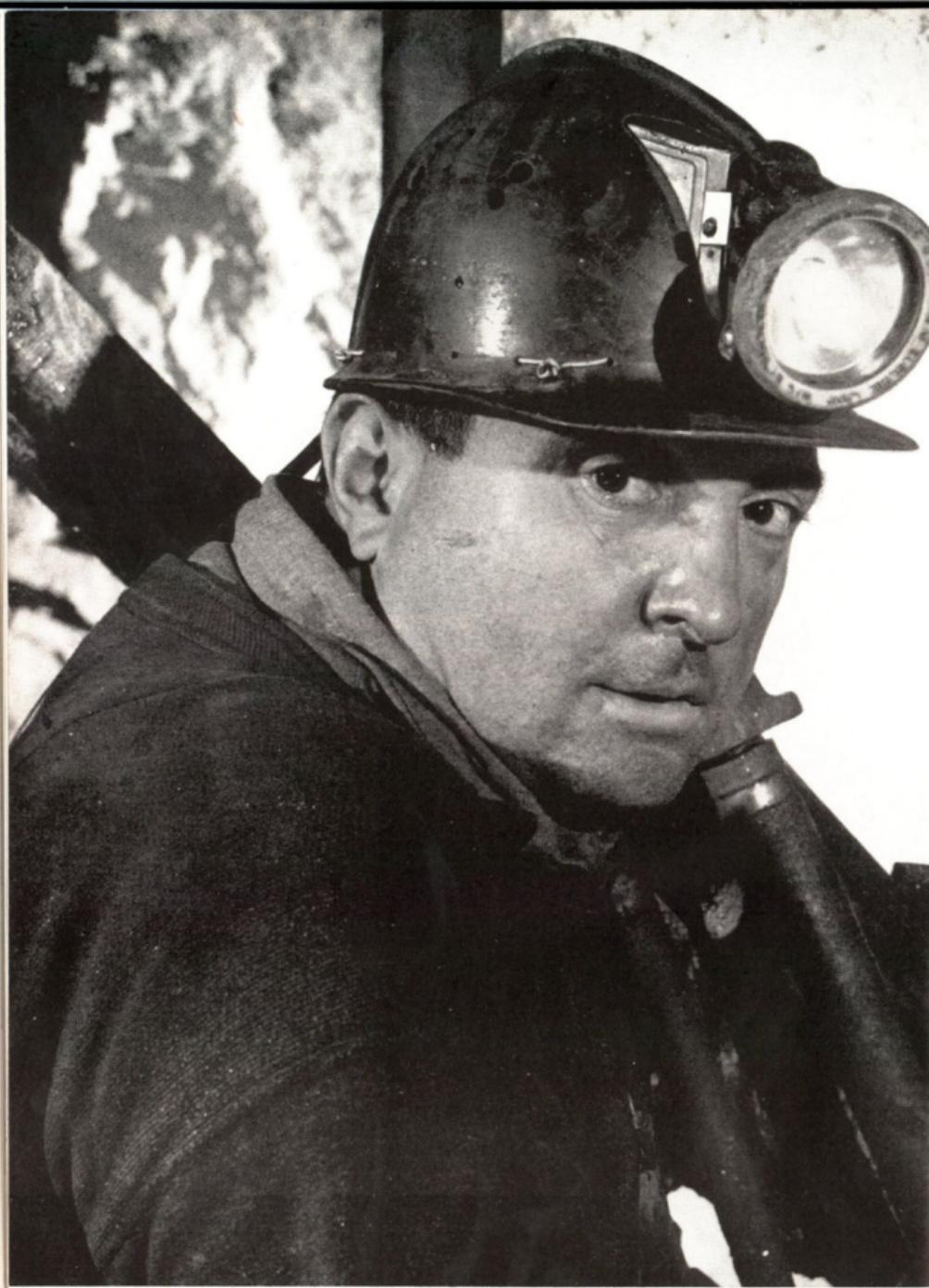
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U.S. BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Trouble in Lilliput

While big business surges to new profit records, the nation's 300,000 small manufacturers complain that the boom is passing them by. Most share the lament of Chairman Glenn H. Friedt Jr. of Detroit's United Platers, Inc., which handles chrome plating for the fast-moving automakers: "I find it embarrassing to admit that this year is no better than last year." Worse yet, Dun & Bradstreet reports that 87% of the nation's 15,800 bankruptcies last year were small businesses, *i.e.*, those with liabilities of less than \$100,000.

What is wrong? Most frequent cause of trouble is the inability of management to keep pace with the increasing complexity and costliness of doing business. Small manufacturers—who are not as diversified or as well-financed as the large companies—tend to find themselves squeezed for profits, short on capital, and without enough technical talent. Says President Matthew Meyers of Los Angeles' Alvo Nut & Bolt Co.: "We're paying more to make the product itself; yet because of competition, we are selling it for less and less."

In dealing with labor, many small firms must meet the wage rates set between unions and the giants; in the area of management, they have trouble attracting the bright executives tempted by the glamour and security of bigness. Their disadvantage with customers is an equally sticky problem. Small manufacturers are often wholly dependent on single big customers, such as auto or aerospace companies, which are increasingly making for themselves the parts that they formerly bought outside. When corporate Lilliputians seek other customers, they come up against giants that get tougher as they grow bigger. In the past year, the 500 largest companies in *Fortune's* annual listing raised their share of all U.S. industrial sales from 56 1/4% to 56 1/2%—and that fractional gain widened the gap between them and small manufacturers by \$1 billion.

Money & Maneuverability. An even greater worry is raising growth capital. Though credit is easier than usual these days, small businessmen have to pay interest rates up to 20% for it, and many are crusty independents who object to

yielding some control of their operations to lenders bent on protecting their investments. Big companies get much of their capital from depreciation and retained earnings, but Chairman Herbert Woodward of Chicago's hose and duct-making DK Manufacturing Co. notes that if a small business has a good year, "you tie up so much money in inventory and accounts receivable that you don't have a thing left for research and development." For new-product ideas, small manufacturers must often rely on trade fairs, visits to foreign plants, or suggestions from their salesmen.

Little firms pride themselves on being more flexible than their bigger brothers, shifting quickly to meet changes in demand. What worries them is that the large companies which are computerizing their operations may soon be able to react as rapidly as they themselves can. Says President Andrew L. Hannon of Hannon Engineering Inc., a Los Angeles maker of public-address systems: "We can move fast and stay ahead of big companies. But we can't compete once we meet them head on."

How to Keep Up? Some small manufacturers seek to survive and prosper by diversifying. In Detroit, United Platers has begun to retail its own line of chrome-plated auto wheels, and hopes for a free lift on advertising from Buick, which will offer similar wheels (made by United) as optional gear on its '64 models. Other firms are narrowing their lines, with the intent of making fewer products better than anyone else. Beaufee-Fit Co. of Los Angeles retrenched from manufacturing a full line of brasilières to only top-quality models, lately has begun to specialize in nursing bras. Detroit's American Electrical Heater Co. gave up appliances to concentrate on soldering equipment.

For all their woes, few of the Lilliputians intend to sell out willingly. To them, big companies spell the organization-man way of life. "Exciting" and "challenging" are the words they use to describe their own careers, and they rightly believe that there is plenty of room for the small manufacturer with a good idea—no matter how stiff the competition. Besides, the big man in the small company usually draws a handsome salary and expense account even when his firm does no better than break even.



CRUISER



CHALLENGER
Good for the uphill climb?

AUTOS

Studebaker's Year of Decision

Automakers call their lowest-priced, highest-selling models "bread-and-butter lines." For South Bend's Studebaker Corp., which introduced its bread-and-butter '64 models last week, the term has a hungry meaning. Despite the upturn in sales of athletic President Sherwood Egbert, 43, Studebaker's share of the auto market slipped from a precarious 1.12% last year to a disastrous 0.9% in the first eight months of this year. While every other automaker was rolling to fat and happy records, Studebaker's sales through August dropped to fewer than 44,000 cars, and the company—whose automotive division has operated in the red for eight of the past nine years—lost \$7,500,000 in 1963's first half. Clearly, 1964 will be Studebaker's do-or-die year.

Bad Luck. To profit, the company needs to achieve at least 115,000 sales, or well over 1.5% of the expected '64 market. The Studebakers that Egbert showed off at Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats last week are handsomely restyled—the first major redesigning that he has been able to carry out since 1961, when he left the presidency of an outboard motor company and accepted the challenge to revive Studebaker. Six inches longer and somewhat sleeker, the cars have abandoned the boxy look of the earlier Lark line. Even the Lark name is being downplayed in favor of model names such as Challenger, Cruiser and Daytona. But the Studebakers will face fierce competition from Ford's sharply redesigned Falcons and the Chevy II, Dodge Dart and Chrysler Valiant.

Egbert also has to live down some mishaps from the '63 model year. Foremost among them was the long-nose,

RUSSELL C. HAMILTON



EGBERT WITH '64 DAYTONA CONVERTIBLE

short-tail Avanti sports car, which Egbert intended as his answer to the Thunderbird. An incredible series of production snafus involving its Fiberglas body delayed the Avanti's debut by six months; Egbert had confidently predicted 10,000 sales of the '63 Avantis—at about \$5,000 each—but only 1,743 have moved. Similarly hurt was the sales potential of another Egbert innovation, the Wagonaire station wagon with a sliding roof; at the last minute, Studebaker discovered that the top leaked and had to pull the Wagonaires off the assembly line to correct it. Compounding these fumbles, a strike at a supplier plant stopped Studebaker's supply of car doors for six weeks.

Good Start. Partly to avoid '64 production bugs, and partly because the '63 sales were slow anyhow, Egbert halted Studebaker's production lines for retooling in June—one month earlier



THE DAVIS BROTHERS—AUSTIN, JAMES, ARTEMUS & TINE
"Stay liquid, sell for cash, and don't buy real estate."

than usual. Says Egbert: "A year ago at this time we had zero cars, but so far this model year we've shipped 7,200 to our dealers." Egbert, who is an enthusiastic amateur flyer, is also winging around the U.S. to pep up Studebaker dealers and keep more of them from switching to competitors. With only 2,000 dealers—v. General Motors' 14,000, Ford's 8,000 and Chrysler's 6,000—the company covers scarcely 70% of all U.S. marketing areas.

Egbert is rapidly diversifying Studebaker into non-auto lines, from chemicals to ice cream cabinets. Last year he spent \$47 million on four acquisitions, including Trans International Airlines, whose one DC-8 and four Constellations haul passengers on charter. Egbert is also expanding into the international market with Studebaker's Franklin Manufacturing, which sells refrigerators and freezers to mail-order houses. Other subsidiaries include Clarke floor polishers, Gravely small tractors, Onan engines and generators. Together, the safer non-auto lines account for 50% of Studebaker sales and have kept the company afloat.

MERCHANDISING

Winning in Dixie

Outside the South, Winn-Dixie Stores, Inc., is scarcely known. Seven in sales among the nation's grocery chains, it ranks well behind such billionaires as A. & P., Safeway and Kroger. But for six straight years Winn-Dixie, with 609 stores in ten Southern states, has topped every large U.S. merchandising firm on a gauge that profit-minded businessmen watch more closely than any other: return on invested capital. In 1962 the chain earned 21% on its capital, almost twice as high a percentage as A. & P.'s. Last fortnight Winn-Dixie, which has increased its dividend for the 20th consecutive year, announced that fiscal 1963 earnings hit \$18.3 million, as sales rose 7.6% to \$831 million.

Few major corporations have such unusual management. Four brothers,

every 18 or 20 days"—which is the time it takes for Winn-Dixie's inventory to turn over (about 25% faster than the average for supermarkets). With \$66 million in working capital on hand, the brothers avoid seasonal borrowing and have paid cash for most of the 13 other grocery chains that they have acquired.

"We spend as much time worrying about costs as we do about sales," says J. E. "With a profit of 11¢ per dollar of sales, you simply can't waste money." The company has smaller stores than its competitors, fits them with a minimum of expensive equipment. These stores stock prime meats and vegetables, sometimes price them slightly lower than competitors do. Because regional markets vary, Winn-Dixie's divisional managers are free to buy and sell as they please. "This is a hell of a lot different than the A. & P.," says A. D. "There the rules are made at 420 Lexington Avenue, period."

Dividends Every Month. Though they are expansion-minded, the Davises have confined themselves to the South because they feel more comfortable in an area they know well. Racial strife lately has affected their sales, but not badly. About 12% of Winn-Dixie's work force, including one manager, is Negro; a few stores have been picketed by Negroes who think that this is not enough, and other stores have been shunned by segregationists who feel that the chain is "knuckling under" to the Negroes. The Davises say that they will never agree to any hiring under pressure.

The company keeps 12,000 employees voting nonunion by means of lavish stock-purchase plans and bonuses for faster work. And it keeps stockholders satisfied with monthly dividend checks (minimum check: 9¢ on a single share). The unique monthly payment system adds \$42,000 a year to costs, but Winn-Dixie believes that it helps sales and employee relations. Says J. E.: "Our customers quite often cash their checks in our stores, and when an employee gets a dividend check at the end of each month, man, he's happy." So are the Davises, who predict that sales in the coming year will rise at least 4%.

AVIATION

SSScramble

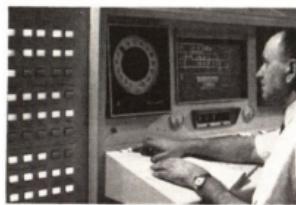
It will be the richest and most prestigious contract in the history of U.S. commercial aviation, and last week the nation's leading planemakers lined up in Washington to declare whether they wanted to bid for it. At stake was the contract to build a supersonic transport (dubbed the SST) to compete against the 1,500-m.p.h., delta-wing Concorde that an Anglo-French combine is building and plans to test-fly in 1966.

To the surprise of some, three proud companies—General Dynamics, Douglas and McDonnell—boomed out of the competition. Main reason was money: though the Government is expected to put up \$750 million, the winning bid-

sons of Founder William M. Davis, run Winn-Dixie as a team. James Elsworth Davis, 56, is chairman, and Artemus Darius Davis, 57, president; both maintain modest offices in the company's headquarters at Jacksonville, Fla., where they are known as Mr. J. E. and Mr. A. D. Brother Austin Davis, 52, is executive vice president in Miami, and Tine Davis, 49, has the same title in Montgomery. Each has an equal say in management and draws the same "salary" (one-half per cent of pre-tax profits, less \$25,000, which amounted to some \$163,000 for each in the year just closed). Explains J. E.: "I'm the conservative element, the long-range planner. A. D. is always the aggressive expansionist. Austin specializes in the big stores, and Tine is the personality boy."

"A Lot Different." The brothers follow the business maxims of their late father, who left his sons 35 stores. "Stay liquid, sell for cash, and don't buy real estate," he advised. Instead of owning its stores and warehouses, Winn-Dixie rents them. Draws A. D. Davis: "Everything we have our money in is turning out dollars for us ev-

HONEYWELL SIMPLIFIES BUILDING CONTROL



HONEYWELL BUILDING CONTROL CENTER

ELIMINATES THE MILES AND MAN-HOURS BETWEEN BUILDING CONTROLS

Hours before you come to work in the morning, your operating men begin their time-consuming tours. They check fans, compressors, boilers, pumps, gates, thermostats, fire and security systems. They may walk miles to flip all the switches and check the settings for the mountain of equipment it takes to operate your building.

Yet, just one man at a Honeywell Automated Control Center could do all these jobs in a few minutes. The savings in man-hours alone is often enough to pay for the system in 3 to 5 years... even in small buildings. Constant control replaces periodic

inspections. An equipment failure never goes unnoticed. A fire never smolders in some out-of-the-way area for an operating man to find on his next regular tour.

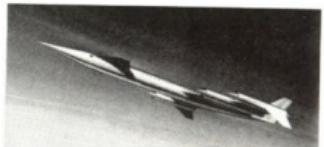
Honeywell can design a control system for your building, manufacture and install it, supervise "start up," and contract to maintain it. All the way, we simplify. You deal with one supply source... one responsibility for all building systems.

Honeywell building automation is centralized control of all mechanical and electrical equipment. It can include automatic loggers, scanners,

alarm printers... even computers to control systems such as temperature, fire, security, clocks and humidity.

What's your next step? If you would like to have a Honeywell Sales Engineer assist you in applying building automation or a free set of our helpful planning guides, write Mr. William N. Wray, Honeywell Commercial Division, Dept. TI 9-121, Minneapolis 8, Minnesota. There is no obligation.

Honeywell



LOCKHEED SUPERSONIC (DRAWING)



ATWOOD

ALLEN

Concerned about costs.

der must risk \$250 million of its own—vastly more than any company has ever gambled simply to develop a plane.

Snail-Like Pace. Beyond that, each of the three had special reasons for shunning the SST. General Dynamics was not in much of a gambling mood after having lost \$425 million on production of its Convair 880 and 990 jetliners; besides, it recently won the rich and controversial TFX fighter contract, and would be quite unlikely to bag two in a row from Washington. Douglas is preoccupied with its new short-range DC-9, for which it has only a disappointing 18 orders; in addition, President Donald Douglas Jr., 46, who has become the active manager of the company, is less daring than his father, Chairman Donald Douglas Sr., 71. As for McDonnell, its flinty Chairman James McDonnell, 64, would have liked the SST to satisfy his burning personal ambition to build a commercial jetliner. But his St. Louis plant is jammed with orders for F-4 Phantom fighter planes and Gemini capsules, simply lacks the space and specialists to handle the huge job. Jim McDonnell tried last March to take over Douglas to strengthen his position for the SST running, but the Douglas board rejected him.

Though worried about the heavy cost, and concerned because the Government has frittered away three years while the Anglo-French combine got a head start, three other U.S. planemakers were still determined to submit bids and specifications for the SST before the Jan. 15 deadline. The three: North American, Lockheed and Boeing.

Birdlike Wings. Each can make a good argument that it should get the award. At North American, Chairman Lee Atwood holds a trump as builder of the RS-70, whose top speed of 2,000 m.p.h. makes it by far the fastest bomber ever produced. Chairman Courtland Gross' Lockheed has never built a big supersonic plane but gained experience and reputations with its highly successful F-104 Starfighter. President William Allen's Boeing has the most passenger jet experience as builder of the 707. It has also spent \$17 million of its own on SST

research, designing a plane with birdlike "variable-sweep" wings that would be extended for take-offs and landings but tuck in for supersonic cruising.

Early favorite to win the SST is Boeing. Beyond the fact that Boeing has done the most research on its own, there are political considerations. North American is well fixed for years to come with its Apollo moon-shot contract, and Lockheed is relatively well-backed with its contracts for the Polaris missile and the new Starlifter military transport. But the end is in sight for Boeing's big KC-135 flying-tanker contract, and its current orders for Minuteman missiles will run out in two or three years. Besides, it was the loser in the hot TFX competition, and thus stands next in line to get something from Washington.

ADVERTISING

The Way For Some to Go

Like law firms or other businesses that have confidential relationships with clients, nearly all U.S. advertising agencies are privately owned. Last year Manhattan's frisky Paper, Koenig, Lois created a sensation on Madison Avenue by going public. The sale of shares made near-millionaires out of the agency's three young founders, and stock that came out at \$6 a share is now up around \$10. Last week Foote, Cone & Belding—the nation's seventh biggest ad agency, with billings of \$135 million—put some shares on the market. It looked as if public is the way to go.

The boss of Foote, Cone—Fairfax Mastick Cone, 61—concedes that advertising seems a risky investment because clients are continuously switching and an agency's only real asset is brainpower, a perishable and uncertain commodity. "Our inventory goes down the elevator every night," muses Cone. But he sees a sign of stability in his agency's steady growth, up 40% in four years.

Foote, Cone sold 500,000 of its 1.2 million common shares. Simply by making a market, the agency boosted its shares from the book value of \$6 to the offering price of \$15.50. "Fax" Cone sold 38,000 of his shares for a tidy \$541,500, while President Rolland W. Taylor disposed of 46,313 shares for \$659,960 and Chairman Robert F. Carnley sold 83,041 for \$1,183,000—taxable at no more than 25% as capital gains. These key executives relinquished only part of their holdings.

Although a public market for shares can also potentially help an agency to raise expansion cash and recruit fresh talent by offering stock options, some of Foote, Cone's competitors were skeptical about letting the investors in. A Young & Rubicam executive thought that the public disclosure of low agency profits would soon disillusion investors. Others felt that an agency's shares would plummet whenever it lost a rich account. But many on Madison Avenue were reconsidering. Said President Rudolph Montgelas of the Ted Bates

agency, the nation's fifth largest: "If Foote, Cone is a great success, two or three other agencies may go public next year. But an agency without a crack record of stability and earnings should not try it."

CORPORATIONS

Fertilizing the Oil Business

Gasoline and fertilizer seem an unlikely combination, but this year half a dozen U.S. oil companies have linked with fertilizer manufacturers, or started to do so. Among the major deals: Kerr-McGee merged with Baugh Chemical. Cities Service picked up Tennessee Corp., Socony Mobil has bid for Virginia-Carolina Chemical. Last week Pittsburgh's Gulf Oil, whose sales of \$2.8 billion in 1963 made it the nation's eighth largest company, announced one of the biggest deals of all.

For about \$150 million, Gulf intends to acquire Kansas City's young and spunky Spencer Chemical Co., which last year earned \$6,500,000 on sales of \$106 million. Gulf, whose cashbox is bulging from oil gushers in Kuwait, was moved by the same considerations that drew its competitors to fertilizer companies. Ammonia from crude oil is a key ingredient in fertilizers, and Spencer



WHITEFORD



DENTON

Attracted by empathy.

has been buying a lot of it from Gulf. U.S. fertilizer sales have been growing 10% a year, as farmers pour on more of it to coax higher output from their Government-limited acreage allotments. Meanwhile, the oilmen have been itching to diversify because gasoline wars have hit prices (last week in the Midwest they were down another penny per gallon to 10.75¢ wholesale).

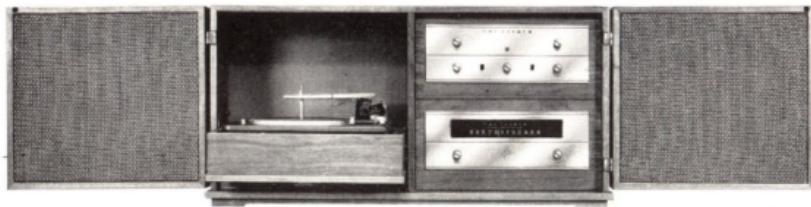
To Gulf Chairman William K. Whiteford, 62, a rugged, casual oilman who started out as an Oklahoma roustabout, Spencer seemed ideally suited to become a Gulf subsidiary. Spencer's President John C. Denton, 44, was just as eager to accept Gulf's offer. He felt a need for more expansion capital to meet sharpening competition, especially in the plastic lines Spencer also makes. Spencer received several other suitors before settling on Gulf. Mrs. Helen Spencer, the largest shareholder, with 14% of the 3,000,000 outstanding shares, particularly liked what she felt was Gulf's "empathy" toward the firm that her late husband started from scratch in 1940.



Open wide.



Wider.



Ahhh.

IN THIS MARVEL of compactness, Fisher solves the problem of maximum stereophonic high fidelity performance in the minimum amount of space. And, as you might expect, the Fisher solution permits no compromise with quality.

Fisher component designs have been the first choice of professional audio engineers and technically-informed sound enthusiasts ever since the dawn of the high fidelity era.

The Allegro is a unique kind of compact console. It has a heavy-duty 20-watt stereo control amplifier, a highly-sensitive FM Multiplex stereo tuner, a Garrard 4-speed automatic turntable and

two wide-range, dual-speaker systems in acoustically-engineered, detachable cabinets. There is a front earphone jack for tape monitoring or private listening.

Only 33" wide (when closed), 16 3/4" high and just 13" deep, the acoustically-integrated contemporary cabinet is crafted of richly-grained oiled walnut. It can be positioned on a shelf, hung on the wall or used free-standing. No matter where it is placed, the Allegro offers that special quality of sound reproduction that only a Fisher instrument can provide.

The Allegro is priced at \$349.95 (\$249.95 less the tuner). Prices are slightly higher in the West. For the name

of your nearest franchised Fisher dealer and a free copy of the colorful Fisher Console Catalogue, please mail the coupon below.

FISHER RADIO CORP.

P.O. BOX 2001

Long Island City 1, N. Y.

Please send free illustrated catalog describing the complete 1964 line of Fisher stereophonic high fidelity Radio-Phonographs.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

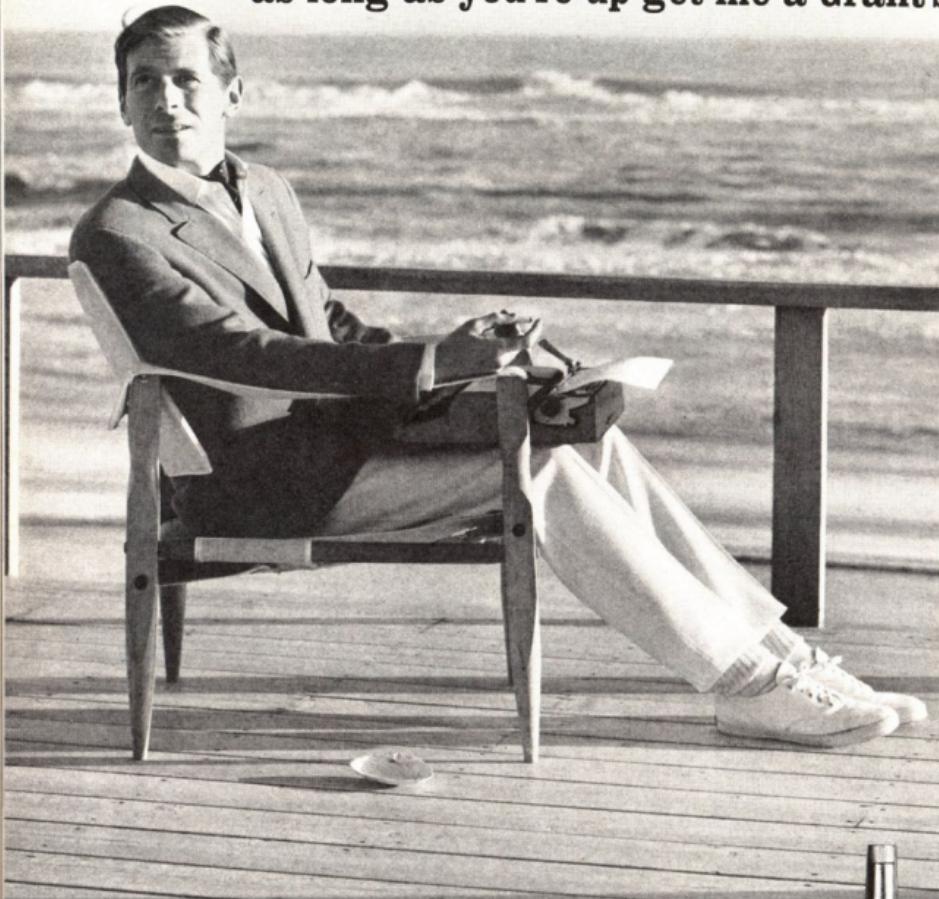
Zone _____

State _____



The Fisher

as long as you're up get me a Grant's®



Would you, darling? Say, did you know Grant's 8 is still made by the original Grant family and they still age it at the original Glenfiddich distillery in Scotland for 8 years and I still think it takes that long to smooth out a Scotch. What? You haven't heard a word I said? Forget it, but don't forget my Grant's.

The choice and cherished 8-year-old blended Scotch Whisky in the triangular bottle. Eighty-six proof. Imported to the United States from Scotland by Austin, Nichols & Co., New York

©1962 AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC.



WORLD BUSINESS

ADVERTISING

That Local Touch

"Certainly not," begin the Wrigley ads in Britain's quality newspapers and magazines, agreeing that in court or railway carriage no proper Englishmen should ever think of chewing gum. But the ads go on to reassure gum-shy Britons that at other times, in other places, gum is not only acceptable but "a definite aid to oral hygiene." Far more subdued than Wrigley messages for mass-titivating Americans, the "Certainly not" ads have stepped up sales. They also exemplify a trend toward tailor-made world advertising that is summed up by McCann-Erickson's Brazil Manager Sergio Souza: "We use internationally recognized methods and appeal to basic human desires and fears. But we add national touches, color and language."

Magic Is Out. With advertising expanding fast around the world, companies have learned the hard way that no single slogan or sales pitch can be successful everywhere. Copywriters for General Motors found out that "Body by Fisher" came out "Corpse by Fisher" in Flemish. "Schweppes Tonic Water" was speedily dehydrated to "Schweppes Tonica" in Italy, where "il water" idiomatically indicates a bathroom. In Brazil, one U.S. airline proudly advertised the swank "rendezvous lounges" on its jets, learned belatedly that rendezvous in Portuguese means a room hired for assignations. Africa is an account executive's nightmare. Native words acceptable in one town are obscenities 50 miles away, and that old advertising catchword "magic" has doubtful value; to Africans the word is linked with a mythical devil named Tokoloshe, who gets young girls pregnant. To get through to Africans who do not read ads in the press or see them on TV, Coca-Cola passes out free dresses with Coke bottles colorfully imprinted in indelible ink.

The hard sell is considered extremely impolite in Japan, where consumers respond best to ads that emphasize the product's health-giving qualities and list the ingredients. The Germans also prefer directness; to sell, a soap must stress cleansing power rather than fluffy wash or handy container. The Spanish have a confident serenity, and ads that suggest snob appeal fall flat. Italians, though they breed Gina and Sophia, are prudish about sex and semi-nudity. "We can't present a woman as a sex kitten," moans an admiral in Italy, where the Maidenform girl is photographed modestly at home and forgoes Freudian dreams.

Crocodiles Are In. Color can be an Oriental problem: purple is a noble shade in Japan but represents death in Burma; and on Formosa, despite the political connotations, red is considered a lucky color, and advertisements abound in crimson. Africans, along with admiration for anything "new from



COCA-COLA DRESS IN KENYA

America," have extremely literal reactions. Gillette is a heavy seller because it uses wrappers that depict a razor blade slicing a crocodile in half to emphasize sharpness. But literal-mindedness can be a problem. After her first glimpse of television, one native woman asked: "When all the good men have killed all the bad men, why do they rush off to clean their teeth?"

SWEDEN

The Steelmakers' Edge

The battle of the blades is raging among major U.S. razor manufacturers, all of whom have introduced a long-lasting but costly stainless steel product. No matter which razor gets the edge, the steelmakers of Sweden stand to benefit, for they supply the stainless steel used in 90% of the blades.

Cornering the market for the new blade steel is typical of Sweden, which has become a steel power even though its output—3,600,000 tons last year—is barely 1% of the world total. The Cartier of steel, Sweden has a reputation for quality that keeps its steelmakers expanding and operating at full blast, while U.S. and European mills are short of orders in a ruthlessly competitive market.

No Rust. Sweden's predominance stems chiefly from its high-purity native ore and its postwar development of the KALDO process, which rivals Austria's vaunted L-D process as the most important new "oxygen" method of making steel. By lacing jets of oxygen into rotating, electrically heated furnaces, KALDO produces steel of exceptionally high and uniform quality.

Stainless is created by blending the high-grade steel with chromium carbides, which toughen it, make it resistant to rust, corrosion and great heat. Sweden's steelmakers cold-roll the stainless steel to 4/1,000 in., then grind,



Certainly not...

Close, no one in his senses would use chewing gum at a time and places such as this.

However there are times and places where the use of chewing gum can be most beneficial; in fact its discreet use is a mark of tact and consideration for others as it is to debate and to oral hygiene.

Douchnost. It is a mouthwash especially made for such people. Its ingredients are carefully selected throughout, even its flavor has been double distilled; in fact, as its name implies, Douchnost is double proof and gives you double benefits in many ways.

Try some at the right time and in the right place and see for yourself.

WRIGLEY AD IN BRITAIN

They have different taboos.

polish and cut it into blade-wide coils before shipping it to the blademakers, who stamp and sharpen the final blade. Stainless is also indispensable in making nuclear reactors, missiles, jet engines and supersonic plane wings, as well as surgical instruments and food-processing equipment.

Prized Order. Of Sweden's 30 steelmakers, two dominate the stainless blade market. One is Sandvik Steel Works, a \$100 million-a-year company that sells more than half of the world's regular razor-blade steel. Its far-traveling president, Engineer Wilhelm Haglund, 60, made several flying trips to Boston in the past year to win the prized order to become Gillette's prime supplier for stainless.

But the biggest by far is the Uddeholm Co., which originally solved the one problem besetting ordinary stainless steel: sharpening it. An Uddeholm scientist 40 years ago devised a method



CHECKING UDDEHOLM'S STAINLESS
They look sharp and feel sharp.



JAMES B. SOMERALL, PRESIDENT
THE PEPSI-COLA BOTTLING COMPANY
OF CINCINNATI - CINCINNATI, OHIO

"Our 88 Dale Carnegie graduates are key men in helping our business grow!"

"Many of our department heads and employees have completed Dale Carnegie training," says Mr. Somerall. "I was one of the first group."

"The abilities the Course develops gave us self-confidence. They made us better competitors and teamworkers. That combination helps any individual and any company move ahead."

Dale Carnegie training develops leadership traits: self-confidence, persuasiveness and tact. Men and women with these personal characteristics are management's first choice to train or supervise others or to work directly with employees, customers, dealers and suppliers.

That is why more than 500 companies encourage their employees to enter the Dale Carnegie Course—and why over 80,000 men and women enroll in it every year. For details call your local Dale Carnegie Course number or write



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for aligning the chromium particles into an even pattern so that the stainless blade could be honed as keenly as carbon steel. Uddeholm sold batches of that steel to Gillette in the 1930s, but stainless blades did not catch on because shavers found them irregular in quality. A sudden and tremendous demand began a year ago, after Britain's Wilkinson Sword Ltd. brought out a blade coated with silicon plastic to make it smooth as well as sharp. Wilkinson's steel comes from Uddeholm, which also supplies American Safety Razor and Schick. Under its research-minded president, Wilhelm Ekman, 51, Uddeholm has quadrupled its stainless blade output since 1961, now produces 80% to 90% of Sweden's stainless blade steel, and has annual sales of \$109 million.

largely aimed at the Madhvani. But they have hedged against too much discrimination by heavily supporting charities and political parties in the three nations, and by presenting the government of Uganda with a \$500,000 office building in Kampala. They have hired some black African executives. Jayant, a citizen of Uganda and a former member of its colonial legislature, continues to cultivate his old political friendships.

Phones & Ashes. Though the four brothers regularly rotate responsibilities, Jayant is the most equal among the equals. "We know how a family



JAYANT MADHVANI
Hedging against discrimination.

business can be run," he says. "We never have disagreements."

Educated at the University of Bombay, suave Jayant is a Hindu and strict vegetarian who also fasts one day a week and once each year for a fortnight eats only yoghurt. But he does business from an air-conditioned, four-telephone office on the shores of Lake Victoria and tools around in a blue Mercedes to visit the 12,000 workers for whom the Madhvani provide free housing, schools and medical care. The brothers are frequent business visitors to Europe and the U.S.

The family stake was begun by their father, Muljibhai Madhvani, who arrived in Uganda in 1905 to trade in salt, flour and seashells. Eventually he traded up to bicycles and farm tools, plowed the profits into new ventures, and bought the sugar plantation for almost nothing from white landowners afraid of the tsetse fly. Madhvani broke in his sons as plantation laborers and ruled with an iron hand. Jayant recalls that "all our meetings were held over the dinner table, and we never left his presence until 11:30 in the evening." Though he has been dead since 1958, Muljibhai's presence is still felt in another way. His ashes rest in a brass box in a filing cabinet beside Jayant's desk, waiting for a suitable shrine to be built to hold them.



Motion study. Induced rotation of a Manned Orbital Research Laboratory under study by NASA, which would provide artificial gravity for its crew, could also introduce unwelcome twist, tumble, spin and wobble in space. □ Because these motions can best be arrested by precision stabilization, Sperry is under contract to NASA Langley Research Center (1) to make dynamic analyses of the types of motion which may be encountered; (2) to derive control laws which may be applied to the resultant problems; (3) to generate control concepts which will guarantee station stability. □ Because orbital times up to a year are under study, a manned station presents a unique challenge in control. Sperry experience in gyroscopic, aerospace control, undersea stabilization logically suits us for the task. General Offices: Great Neck, New York.

MEDICINE

BIRTHS

54,000,000 to 1

The odds were 54,000,000 to 1, but it happened—and not once, but twice in a single week. The odds-off event: quintuplets. The first set, five boys, was born Sept. 7 in Maracaibo, Venezuela; the second, four girls and a boy, arrived seven days later in Aberdeen, South Dakota. At week's end mothers and quints were doing fine.

Not Even a Yelp. Last July, when X rays disclosed that she was carrying a fivesome, Venezuela's Inés María Cuervo, 34, fainted dead away. Once revived, the mother-to-be, the common-law wife of an oilfield worker, was tucked into bed at Maracaibo's University Hospital, put on a strict diet, and watched around the clock by doctors and nurses. During the delivery, she was conscious and calm. "At least let out a yelp," pleaded one nurse, "so we know you are having a baby." Her tiny boys arrived over a period of 50 minutes, two months premature and weighing from 2 lb. 3 oz. to 3 lb. 8 oz.

With the news, Venezuela exploded with joy. Scores of letters, telegrams and donations poured into the hospital. President Rómulo Betancourt phoned twice in a day; the hospital picked up the medical tab and the government set up a fund to cover the boys' education. The family can well use it. Inés María and the babies' father, Efrén Lubin Prieto, 38, live in a 20-ft.-sq. mud hut in a dismal slum on the shore of Lake Maracaibo. Out of Efrén Lubin's earnings of \$10 a day, he supports 18 people,

including ten children from his previous families and four from Inés María's first marriage. No one seemed to mind that the parents were unwed; after all, more Venezuelan children are born out of wedlock than in. But just the same, 15 hours after the quints arrived, mother and father were formally married.

Breech Deliveries. In Aberdeen, the excitement at St. Luke's Hospital was almost as great as in Venezuela, when Mrs. Andrew Fischer delivered her four girls and a boy. The 30-year-old wife of a \$76-a-week grocery shipping clerk, Mrs. Fischer had learned from an X ray a scant three days in advance that quints were on the way. Then when her time came, there were complications. Four of the five infants were breech deliveries; the other emerged head first. Also six- to eight-weeks premature, Mrs. Fischer's brood arrived in 90 minutes, weighed an estimated 2 lb. 6 oz. to 4 lb.

Back home, the proud papa had moved the rest of his family—four girls and a boy, aged 3½ to 7—to a farm outside the city, where he keeps a few cows to cut down his milk bill. "I don't make the most money in the world," he says, "and it does present some problems."

As all ten children struggled for life in incubators, doctors knew they had a fight ahead. Some 50 sets of quints have been recorded in modern medical history, and of those, only two sets survived infancy: the Dionne sisters of Canada, born in 1934, and the Diligentis quints of Argentina, born in 1943. All five Diligentis are still alive, but one of the Dionnes, Emily, died in 1954. Like all other "preemies," the Fischer and



MARACAIBO QUINTS IN INCUBATORS
Not once . . .



THE PRIETOS



MOTHER FISCHER

... but twice.

Prieto quints could be prone to respiratory troubles, nutritional difficulties and general infection. The odds may be against both sets, but last week odds did not seem to mean much.

DRUGS

Painkiller

Drug researchers have long searched for a painkiller as effective as morphine, without morphine's potent addictive powers. Over the years, two dozen or more painkilling drugs have been touted as meeting these requirements. But on careful clinical evaluation, their analgesic effects always seemed to diminish steadily along with their reduced addictive tendencies.

Last week the American Chemical Society whipped up the familiar enthusiasm for pentazocine, a drug developed by Sterling-Winthrop Research Institute. Synthesized from coal tar, pentazocine has been tested at Baylor University School of Medicine in Houston. "With this drug," says Baylor's Dr. Arthur S. Keats, "the fear of addiction in chronic pain will be eliminated." But because further tests are needed, not until December will the Food and Drug Administration be asked to approve pentazocine for general prescription use. And it will take much longer to show whether it is really better than many disappointing predecessors.

Against Smallpox

Anybody who has been recently and properly vaccinated, by a doctor who checked the injection site to make sure the shot "took," is most unlikely to get smallpox. But when smallpox erupts where many people have never been vaccinated, or were vaccinated too long ago, doctors face a dilemma. A crash program of vaccination and revaccination may help, but nearly always there are victims already infected for whom this is too late. Gamma globulin has reduced the severity of many cases, but the stuff is scarce, costly, and seldom available where it is needed.

An international team of researchers has just reported in the London medical journal *Lancet* that a few doses of a relatively inexpensive drug, easily taken by mouth, protected all but three of 1,101 people in Madras who had slept in the same rooms as recent smallpox cases. Among 1,126 similar contacts who did not get the drug, there were



Three for the price of one

They'd wanted a boy. Just one. They'd made all the usual plans including one to increase Dad's life insurance by \$10,000. Then the doctor gave them the final count. Not one, not two, but *three*. But they've managed quite nicely. And Dad was even able to add \$10,000 to his life insurance for each boy—\$30,000 altogether—for the same price he had expected to pay for only \$10,000. (At 29, he gets his \$30,000 of protection for the next five years for only \$13.78 a month.) He got this

three-for-the-price-of-one bargain not because he was the father of triplets.

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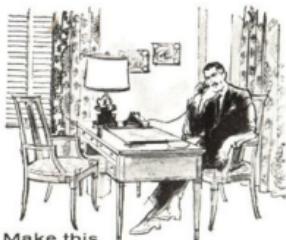
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78 cases of smallpox and twelve deaths. The drug, N-methylisatin beta-thiobenzocarbazone, has no U.S. trade name, though Wellcome Laboratories has labeled it 33T57. It is no cure for smallpox and no substitute for vaccination, but should prove valuable in helping to prevent the spread of smallpox among the unvaccinated or those who have been improperly vaccinated.

VIROLOGY

Enemies of the Unborn

The lowly cause of what is usually a lowly and unimportant disease, German measles (or rubella), long enjoyed the unsavory reputation of being the only virus clearly convicted of killing or crippling babies in the womb. But many other viruses are now emerging from researchers' culture tubes to qualify as enemies of the unborn.

A pregnant woman's viral infections may damage the baby in four ways: 1) by causing prompt abortion; 2) by killing the fetus, leading to later stillbirth; 3) by preventing normal development of organs, so that the baby is born deformed; 4) by infecting the baby so that its first days or weeks of independent life are an uphill struggle against disease. Viruses may strike at any time from the first few days after conception to the moment of delivery. Among the latest findings from the laboratories of pediatric virologists:

► Abortion and stillbirth commonly result from infections with the viruses of smallpox, ordinary measles (rubeola), polio, influenza and, less often, mumps. Measles works fast and is deadly to the fetus probably because of the high fever that accompanies the appearance of the red spots. Polio is not a deformant of the unborn, and usually is not deadly if the mother's infection comes late in pregnancy. But polio sometimes causes premature birth.

► Smallpox vaccination during the first three months of pregnancy has caused some malformations in babies, but the vaccine, all from the same batch, was unusually virulent. If a woman is vaccinated for the first time while she is pregnant, there is a risk that the baby will be born with a disfiguring or fatal case of cowpox. But if a pregnant woman is going to an area where smallpox always smolders, she should be vaccinated anyway, because the smallpox is far deadlier than any vaccine.

► Infection with what is awkwardly called cytomegalic inclusion disease (it has no familiar name) is hard to distinguish from other sniffles and fevers, but may cause babies to be born with virtually no skull or brain cortex, reports Boston's Dr. Thomas H. Weller, a Nobel prizewinner for his work on the polio virus. Some infant victims appear almost normal at birth, but then become microcephalic ("pinheads") because their skulls fail to grow.

► Kidney defects or malformed hearts in newborn infants show a definite re-

lationship to at least four viruses—three of the Coxsackie and one of the Echo group, all distantly related to poliovirus. The infection may be so mild that the mother-to-be does not appear ill. To get their evidence, University of Michigan researchers followed 4,000 women through pregnancy, making frequent tests of blood antibodies to keep tab on the viruses they had picked up.

► Herpes simplex infections in the newborn, ranging in severity from little ulcers in the mouth to a crippling encephalitis, were always believed to have been picked up while the baby was passing through the birth canal. This is not necessarily so, say Drs. Joe E. Mitchell and Fred C. McCall of Bristol, Tenn. They describe a baby who was born with herpetic ulcers on his skin and kept getting them for months; he is now handicapped by cerebral palsy. By diligent virus detective work, the doctors concluded that the mother had picked up the infection from her husband, who had a herpes simplex fever blister on his lip when he kissed her ten days before the baby was born. The virus must have reached the baby through the mother's bloodstream and the placenta.

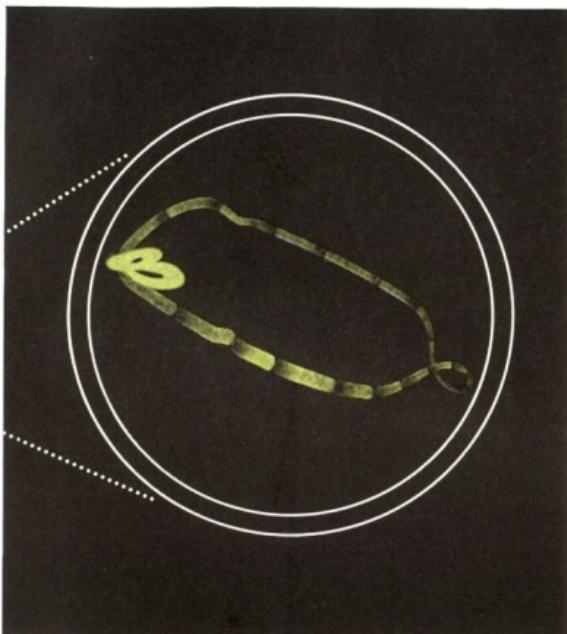
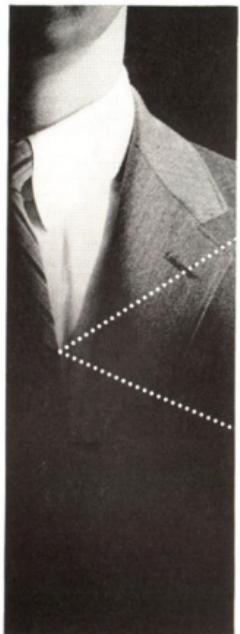
OBSTETRICS

Is This a Record?

What is the upper age limit for becoming a parent? For men, the question is largely academic, because it is virtually impossible to be sure of a child's paternity, and most stories of centenarians whose wives produce children deserve nothing more than the knowing smiles they usually elicit. "Maternity," however, says Dr. Harvey Flack, editor of Britain's *Family Doctor*, "is an indisputable fact, usually witnessed by at least two people . . . And then the blessed event is solemnly recorded by the local registrar."

Dr. Flack kept getting reports of women over 50 who had had babies, and many readers kept asking, "Is this a record?" To answer them, Dr. Flack did a great deal of digging, and eventually he settled on the case of Hilda Gosney, who was born April 19, 1906, at Knottingley in Yorkshire, when her mother (as attested by the birth certificate on file at Somerset House in London) was 53 years, 7 months and 12 days old. Nobody seems to have bothered to ask Mr. Gosney's first name, but it is recorded that he was 75 at the time. And the record-breaking mother lived to be almost 94. The child, now Mrs. Edward Smith, had her own last child at age 38. If anyone can break Mother Gosney's record, Editor Flack will pay 25 guineas (\$73.50) for documented proof.

A U.S. claim to have broken the British record might be based on the 1949 birth of a boy in Helena, Ark., to Mrs. Fred Turley, who believed she was 59. But Mrs. Turley, born in France, could never prove her date of birth.



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Medical science has a new weapon for its war with heart disease: the ITT Vectorcardiograph. It is an electronic device that uses a novel data processing and display technique to create a composite picture of all three dimensions of the heart's electrical action. This picture is shown on a cathode ray tube as loops whose size and brightness indicate the third dimension in a natural way. By "reading" these loops, an examiner can detect abnormalities in the heart's action. / As a research tool, the ITT Vectorcardiograph is being used to improve methods for detecting and diagnosing heart disease. For monitoring the heart's reaction to stress, as in aerospace flight, the device provides an immediate, easily interpreted display. If research proves its value for use in offices and clinics, recent ITT advances in micro-electronics will permit the design of a compact, reliable instrument. / This Vectorcardiograph is one of the new developments in medical electronics by ITT companies. These developments parallel ITT's advances in other phases of electronics and telecommunications. All have helped make ITT the world's largest international supplier of electronics and telecommunications equipment. / International Telephone & Telegraph Corporation, World Headquarters: 320 Park Avenue, New York 22, New York.

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BOOKS

Ever Yours, Robert

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT FROST TO LOUIS UNTERMAYER. 388 pages. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. \$7.

Poet Robert Frost possessed a true genius' insatiable appetite for praise. Critic and Poetaster Louis Untermeyer had a true believer's admiration for Frost's poetry. It was not surprising, therefore, that the two hit it off from

"discovered" in 1913. Untermeyer, 29 and full of enterprise, was trying to escape from his father's jewelry business in Newark by establishing a beachhead as poet and critic. The early letters are full of chesty exchanged praises for each other's work—"please send by return boastage." Frost punned to Untermeyer in 1921—as well as attacks on both the free-verse and traditional poets who still did not understand that poetry once and for all must turn away



ROBERT FROST WITH LOUIS UNTERMAYER



MASTERS



MACLEISH



ELIOT



MENKEN

For grief, restraint; for rivals, a rasplike tongue.

the start—or that Frost's side of their long correspondence, now published by Untermeyer less than a year after his famous friend's death, should run to a fine, fat, square volume.

Inevitably, much of it turns out to be chaff; Frost, for instance, was a tireless and occasionally tiresome punster. But from the mass of letters stretching back to 1915, a perceptive reader can piece together a startling self-portrait of the artist. Some of it will go against the grain of Frost's more sentimental adulators. People thought of him, Untermeyer explains, "as benevolent, sweet and serene. Instead he was proud, troubled and jealous. Robert did not converse, he spoke."

"By Return Boastage." When the two friends first met in 1915, Frost was 40 and almost unknown in the U.S.; his first volume of verse had just been brought out in England, where he was

from overblown rhetoric to the language of common speech.

"Hit 'em with me," Frost exhorted Untermeyer, who obligingly struck out at old poetic practice by using Frost as an example of how things should be done. "There are times," Frost was generous to admit, "when I think I am merely the figment of Louis' imagination." But these early letters are notable mainly for Frost's continual cross references to his fellow writers—all of whom he took for enemies and deadly rivals.

Ezra Pound's cantos showed "scraps of minor classics in Greek and Latin, but not a single idea of his own." Archibald MacLeish was "a college-educated and practiced publicist trying hard to think." Frost's principal bête noire was Edgar Lee Masters, whose *Spoon River Anthology* made him a literary lion in the '20s. "His new book," Frost wrote

waspishly, "proves my original suspicion, not that Masters is just dead but that he was never very much alive." H. L. Mencken he dismissed as "that non-fur-bearing skunk."

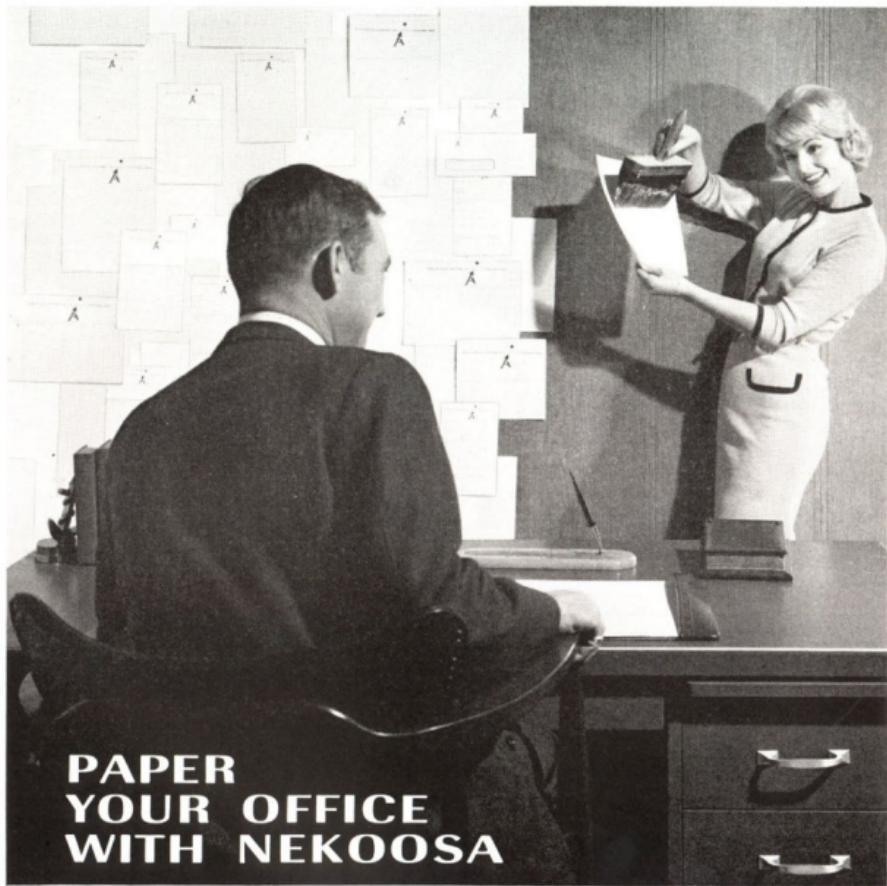
One versifier (and editor of an early rhyming dictionary) greeted Frost as a professional colleague and earned his ire. "Would he claim equality with me?" fumed Frost to Untermeyer, "more claimant than clement." With T. S. Eliot, Frost could not resist a further pun. "We both like to play," he wrote, "but I like to play euchre. He likes to play Eucharist."

"Sunsuvbijches." Perennial letter topic for Frost was his running lover's quarrel with the world of education. It began when Frost withdrew in succession from Dartmouth and Harvard, and it tormented him through his later years of sporadic teaching in half a dozen schools and colleges, including Dartmouth and Harvard. "I could never forgive the sunsuvbijches' belief," he explained with pique to Untermeyer, "that they were leaving anybody behind who was not getting toward their degrees."

Later, as a visiting faculty member at Amherst, Frost was not deceived by the president's belief that there, at least, young men were being trained "to think" and not merely "to learn." "I soon discovered," he confides, "that by 'thinking' they meant stocking up on radical ideas." When one class admitted it did not care whether Frost returned the papers he had assigned so long as he gave them marks, the outraged poet tore the papers up and tossed them in a wastebasket.

Messing with the Masses. As friends should, Frost and Untermeyer came to have few illusions about each other. Both were aware of Frost's monomania and his overwhelming intolerance of anyone who dared to disagree with him. "Sometimes I can think of no blissful state," Frost wrote, "than being treated as if I was always right." A constant target of his letters was Untermeyer's leftist reformism. "When you can write poetry like 'Jerusalem Revisited,'" Frost railed in 1930, "why will you continue to mess with the masses (or is it mass with the messes)?" Frost was no friend of the welfare state. "I loathe togetherness," he wrote. "The best things and best people rise out of their separateness. I'm against a homogenized society because I want the cream to rise."

Frost's distrust of liberalism, which in his poems and letters occasionally made him sound like an outrageous parody of crackerbarrel conservatism, was based on a profound belief in smallness and a conviction that life must be lived on a level deeper than anything within the ken of group action. "Beyond the participation of the politicians and beyond the relief of senates," he wrote eloquently to Untermeyer, "lie our sorrows." But Frost also was aware of how much he had staked on sticking to the caricature personality he had partly



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invented and partly evolved for himself—the curmudgeonly egocentric country poet who always thinks for himself and is always right.

If Frost seems comic most of the time, the book offers one brief, chilling hint that Frost's relentless self-preoccupation lay at the heart of the tragedies that beset most of the people close to him. His sister and one of his children went insane; another daughter died from tuberculosis. After failing at farming and writing, Frost's only son Carol shot himself. Frost had spent the previous night assuring the boy that he was not a failure. Duly reported to Louis Untermeyer, Carol's last words to his father have a ring of true horror. "You always get the last word, don't you?"

Wrote Frost to Untermeyer: "Cast your eye back over my family's luck and perhaps you'll wonder if I haven't had pretty near enough?" But he stoically refused to make literary capital of his losses. "You shouldn't wax literary about what you've been through," he wrote in 1933. "It must be kept way down under the surface where the great griefs belong."

Last Talk. "Poets die in different ways," Frost told Untermeyer in 1947, when he was 73. "Most of them do not die into the grave but into business as you almost did, or into criticism as so many of them are doing nowadays." Frost refused to do either. He had just brought out a book of poems, his 22nd, when he died of combined pulmonary embolism and pneumonia at 89. He had not changed his character, either. Untermeyer journeyed to Boston to see him in the hospital the day before he died. "We talked for over an hour," he writes in a final affectionate note. "Robert did most of the talking."

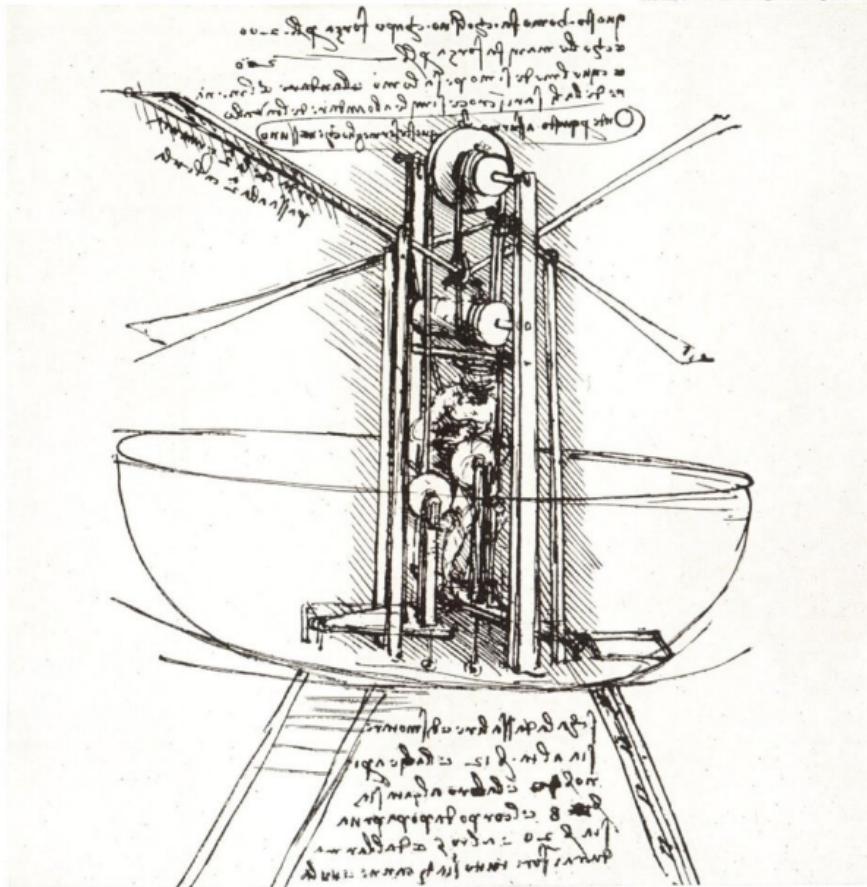
Traveling Men

TRAVELS: NEAR AND FAR OUT by Anthony Carson, 309 pages. Pantheon, \$4.95.

PASSWORDS by Alastair Reid. 238 pages. Little, Brown. \$5.

What is a young man to do today if he has a genuine urge to become a bum? The modern world is tougher on the vagrant than all previous civilizations. Hitler herded Europe's gypsies into Dachau and Buchenwald along with the Jews; the Soviets liquidated the *bezprizorye*; the Welfare State frowns on the free-roving tramp; the American hobo has nearly died out, and even the Australian swagman, so mournfully celebrated in the national song, has become almost extinct.

If, like Anthony Carson, you are born in London and have a taste for sunshine, girls, wine, and music extorted from goat's bladders, your problem is pretty well insoluble. In a collection of 50 sketches, which add up to a zany autobiography, Carson has told just how he defied the odds and beat civilization's big rap—the steady job—and still



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managed to eat, travel, get drunk and make love.

Great Lies. Carson's trick was to become a tourist guide, and a more free-wheeling, freeloading, freethinking travel agent there never was. A further device, for which the reader can be grateful, is to tell great lies about his adventures. There even seems to be some doubt about his real name, which he says is von Falkenhausen, though there are reports to which neither he nor his publisher refer, that it is actually Peter Brooke.*

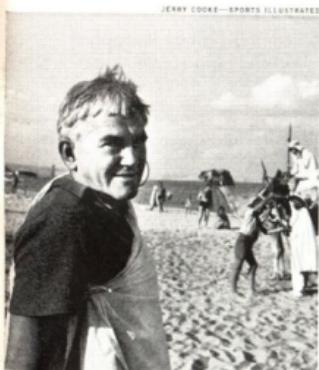
Carson did not easily come by his vocation. Once he worked in an office—the Income Tax Office, of all inappropriate things. It could not last. His boss was a man called Beamish of whom he writes: "I was frightened of Beamish as I was frightened of all elderly administrators, officials, policemen, colonels and judges. There is a perpetual net for the butterflies. They can catch you for arson, witchcraft, sodomy, soliciting, contempt, vagrancy. They can prove you without means of support, unborn or dead. They can bury you in unconsecrated ground. You have to fly very hard to keep in the sun." Beamish finally demoted him with the memorable words: "You write doggerel and have been interfering with Mrs. Stoot." (Mrs. Stoot was flirtatious taxation official.)

Nothing of the Best. So began Carson's wonderful travels. To those who follow Carson's tormented trail, Spain will always seem madder, Germany more maddening, and Italy more wonderful because Carson has been there. He proves that the world does have an escape hatch.

In an introduction, Novelist Evelyn Waugh deftly sums up Carson's rare special quality: "His associates are almost all of the underworld; his own condition is precarious; his morality, as

* It is.

JERRY COOKE—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



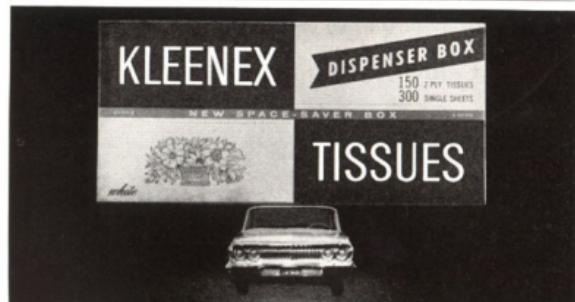
CARSON IN GOLDEN SANDS, BULGARIA (1961)
Safely through the escape hatch.

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it ready to serve in 30 minutes from a standing start. Pick some up next time you pass the quality section of your grocer's freezer.



One of STOUFFER'S RESTAURANTS' most popular recipes.

TIME's job, in a world that gets more complex all the time, is to sort out the essential from the transitory, to get to the bottom of conflicting claims, to

pierce through the propaganda and the puffery, to try to get the facts right and to make the conclusions sound. (from *TIME Publisher's Letter*)

he describes it, is extremely loose; but he betrays no resentment or scorn of those whose habits are more orderly. He is a hedonist and a sensualist joyfully celebrating the huge variety of life. There is something of Norman Douglas in him, something of Firbank, nothing at all of the 'sick' or the 'beat'."

Carson may be the most gifted anecdotist now writing. The result is the most engaging of travel books. It is mercifully free from useful information, unless the term can be held to include such items as: that sheep will follow you into bars if you blow certain notes on a Spanish bagpipe; that you get more consideration from European Express officials by pretending to be responsible for 100 unwell divinity students than by being actually in charge of one healthy priest; that conductors of two-price tours of Europe are expected to spend their time with the first-class guided tourists but find their girls with the second class; that suits of clothes made by tailors in tiny Italian villages are based on pictures in old American magazines, and sprout horsehair like old sofas; that the proprietresses of English teashops in Mediterranean seaports are not, as is generally believed, nymphomaniacs.

Pleasant Sundays in Scotland. By contrast, Alastair Reid, a 37-year-old Scotsman, has a widely broadened mind and deals in negotiable facts and research-tested opinions about gypsies, Basques, Catalans and others among whom he has traveled. One who can write pleasantly of a Scottish Sabbath has to be a pleasant man; Reid is all that, and a much more reliable one than Carson. Unhappily, he gives the impression that however far he traveled, he always had a return ticket tucked into an inside pocket. There is only one place where the paths of these men might possibly have crossed. In Gibraltar, Carson was arrested on suspicion of smuggling dope; Reid interviewed the mayor.

Decline & Fall of Metaphor

THE WHISTLING ZONE by Herbert Kubly. 348 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$4.95.

The author of a prizewinning travel book, *An American in Italy*, has come home to write a satire about America. So much contact with Roman antiquities has convinced Herbert Kubly that America is also ripe for a fall. The yahoos have taken over, free speech is stifled, the kids are sex-mad. It is an "informers' land," says one character who is supposed to speak the plain, unvarnished truth. "We're a species of children, rather nasty children, tattling on one another, playing with our toys of microphones and wire taps."

The poor hero is that stock figure, the liberal martyr, and the locale that stock setting, a Midwestern college campus. He cannot even say that "Karl Marx was the most important man of the century" without being sacked. (He

PIERO SAPORITI: MADRID This is Piero Saporiti's third round of reporting from the Iberian peninsula for TIME. The first was in 1946, when he joined TIME as a stringer in Portugal.

Pre-Portugal, Saporiti had broken with his Milan family's military and social tradition—his father was a general, his mother a marchesa—to become a reporter on the Italian daily, *Epoca*, in 1930. During the next 16 years, Saporiti wrote for various Italian, French, Portuguese, English, Canadian and U.S. papers and news agencies. He also published three books and married a girl from Boston.

Saporiti's second "assignment Iberia"—following two peripatetic years as TIME's stringer on the French Riviera—was Spain. He stayed there six years, the last three as bureau chief in Madrid. "Then," as he puts it, "like earlier generations of the two countries I had come to know so well, Spain and Portugal, I moved on to South America."

In the next eight years, as TIME's bureau chief first in Rio de Janeiro and later in Buenos Aires, Saporiti covered stories that took him over the snow-clad Andean passes, into the dense jungles of the Mato Grosso, and down along the windswept flatlands of Patagonia. He was shot at by *guerrilleros* in Colombia, decorated by the Government of Brazil, and jailed in Paraguay.

Returning to Madrid as TIME's bureau chief in 1962, Saporiti found Spain considerably changed. "It was not just the tremendous physical development," he says, "but the pressure of a new generation unscarred by the Civil War, in a dramatic hurry to become and belong."

"The struggle between this new generation and the still potent forces of inertia and negation is the story I'm reporting from Spain."

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MICHAEL V. KORDA



KUBLY

Rome was never like this.

should have been fired for puerility, not subversion.) This humanist hails from New England, but his behavior is strictly late Roman. He weeps a lot, likes to fiddle with flower arrangements, takes barbiturates, has a penchant for sharing his quarters with other delicate young men. Occasionally he reproaches himself in lush metaphor. "You talk like a gelded pedagogue who has never felt the blood of manhood throbbing like red Chianti in his veins."

As for superspectacular sexual fantasies, Kubly is hard to beat. He presents an underwater coupling, a 30-ft.-high phallic symbol, a necrophilic stripper, a mass rape of a midget. It's almost enough to bring heterosexuality into disrepute.

The Slipcase Syndrome

THE RESERVOIR and SNOWMAN, SNOWMAN by Janet Frame. 364 pages. Braziller. \$7.00.

It is a fairly good rule of thumb to avoid books that come in cardboard slipcases, just as a practiced reader automatically avoids the memoirs of actresses, novels described by their publishers as heartwarming, and books given prepublication endorsements by Clifton Fadiman. The rule is not absolute, but more often than not the contents of a slipcase either have calcified into the classic condition or are so fragile that they need an especially strong container to keep them from crumpling. Most of Janet Frame's stories, sketches and fables in these two prettily boxed booklets fit the second case.

Like her excellent (and unboxed) novel, *Faces in the Water*, the short pieces collected here deal with failure, loneliness, quiet despair, and the rubble-filled borderland between sanity and madness. But there was strength in the novel, and there is none in the stories.

There are two versions of the same story about artistic talent going stale in youthful marriage, several reworkings

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tower cleaning process?

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of the theme that radio and telephone systems are the apparatus of loneliness. More childhood memoirs than one would wish end with rhetorical queries to the Infinite. The collection's showpiece is a long fable called *Snowman, Snowman*. It concerns a snowman who thinks long, long thoughts while slowly melting in the front yard of a middle-class New Zealand family. These scraps suggest not a dark night of the soul but a sun-filled afternoon, with curtains blowing drowsily at the window, a stack of clean paper on the desk, a typewriter at hand, and nothing to say.

Giggles from the Choir Loft

THE INNOCENT CURATE by Paris Leary. 203 pages. Doubleday. \$3.95.

U.S. satirists are sometimes at a loss to find a really big fat Establishment to skewer. The American college, Big Business, Suburbia and Madison Avenue may still make young men angry, but who is mad at the Episcopal Church? It is not even, like its parent body within the Anglican Communion, Established. Paris Leary, a 32-year-old poet, has rashly ignored all of these considerations in a first novel that invites the reader to share his evident hilarity at High Anglican priests, parishioners and monks at a small college town in up-state New York.

The curate of St. Clement's, Schinderhook, N.Y., a beautiful young man of stupefying idiocy whom everyone calls "Sonny," is visited by the stigmata—the five wounds of Christ. He bleeds in reproach to the worldly and the clever, it is supposed. But any serious social or theological point is hopelessly compromised by Leary's relentless facetiousness, extracting what fun is available in copes, albs, chasubles, incense and the osseous relics of saints with humorous names. The pity is that Leary has evident talent and high spirits; if he could be persuaded to stay away from church for a while, he might write a good book.

FRIEDMAN—ABELS



LEARY

Osseous relics can be fun.

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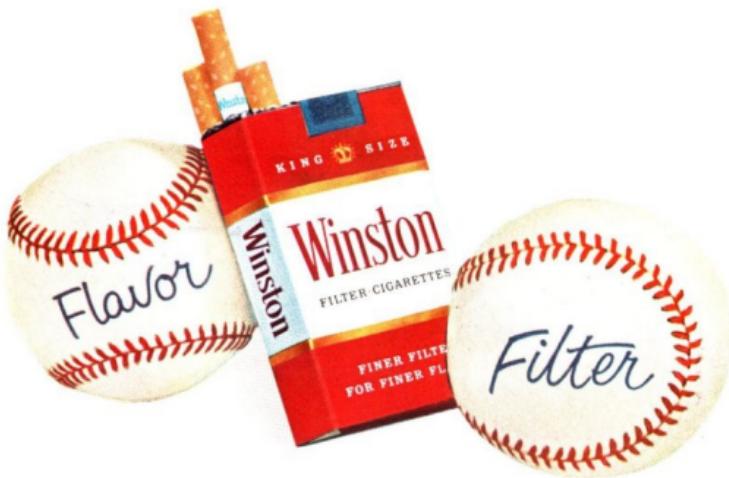
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